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WEEK ENDING AUGUST 10, 1905.

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OVER 8,000 MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.

Princes Park, Liverpool,

June 30th, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Your sample bottle of "Wincarnis" was forwarded to me from barracks, and as my son was very bad with hay fever at the time, I tried it. It has had a marvellous effect on him, and even the small quantity has nearly cured him. I had tried everything, and had special advice before trying this.

Yours faithfully,

H. J. T. B., M.A.C.S., &c.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Send it to Coleman & Co., Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Mark envelope "Coupon," enclose three penny stamps to cover cost of carriage, and you will receive a sample bottle of "Wincarnis" free of charge.

NAME

ADDRESS

Pearson's Weekly, August 10th, 1905.

HEALTH

COLEMAN & CO. LTD., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

STRENGTH

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Chlorodyne

THE ORIGINAL and

And like a charm in
**DIARRHOEA,
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The best Remedy known for
**COUGHS,
COLD,
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ONLY GENUINE.

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Effectually cures short all
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**NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM.**

Overwhelming Medical Testi-
mony accompanies each bottle.

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Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

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Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland

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TWO FLAKES
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yields full smoking pleasure to the last particle.
It begins with a puff of smoke, but it does not end
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exquisite flavour from whiff to whiff. The enjoyment is continuous.

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"THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS"
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TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

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is
THE PAPER THAT
MAKES YOU THINK.
Get a copy TO-DAY
and read
"THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS."

No. 786.

TRANSMISSION BY
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 10, 1905.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

ONE PENNY.

SPECIAL

What I Like and Dislike in England.

OPINIONS OF SOME NOTABLE FOREIGNERS LIVING IN THIS COUNTRY.

I.—By Madame Albani.

In no other country is such absolute freedom enjoyed, and in no other country is it so little abused. I do not say that other nationalities would abuse it if they had it, but they certainly do not possess it; and one strong proof in support of my opinion is that young people from every European country—and from the Antipodes also—crowd into England to try their fortunes and to make them.

England encourages them, helps them, and they succeed in great numbers under the liberal facilities which are not to be found elsewhere.

Even Italians come and settle here—the English climate notwithstanding—and, without their own sunshine, like it.

They find a "home" here—a word which is purely English, and which the homely scenery and the homely people of England suggest with a quiet but irresistible and constant force which will live as long as England lives. I know of no other home-life like it.

The beauty of Scotland, of her mountains and her lakes, even of her climate of tears and sunshine; the loveliness—the hopefulness, may I say?—of an English Spring are to me like "home, sweet home," not to be found elsewhere.

When abroad I have so often wished to hurry home to see the approach of Spring in England, which, being slower in its growth than in other climates, admits of more beauty. The window decoration of most houses in town makes even London look joyous, and drives the remembrance of fogs away.

Not that I cannot be deeply stirred by the great beauties of France, Germany, Italy, the grand scenery of the Canadian Pacific route, and the lovely views in my own dear country, which must ever be to me the "dearest of all."

But, to go to "what I dislike"—naturally not so pleasant a subject as "what I like."

I certainly do wish England were not an island; I have so constantly to go out of it, and the sea and I are apt to agree much better at a respectful distance than at more familiar close quarters. And, I confess, I do not like the east wind, which, not content with its winter share of persecution, ruthlessly returns to pierce us through and through in all the butterfly beauty of our summer raiment, as if it felt bound to prevent our trying to forget its malevolent influence on creation in general and human beings in particular.

The English climate, especially that of London, might decidedly be improved; but, after all, these are mere small defects amidst countless good qualities, and I cannot conclude my "answers" without trespassing a little further on the patience of my readers and on the space of *Pearson's Weekly*, in order to express the deep gratitude I owe to one and all, from highest to lowest, in England for the warm welcome which was accorded to me on my arrival in this country, and which has remained as warm and true through now so many years, with all the faithfulness and loyalty which is innate in the great English people.

II.—By Herr Kubelik.

I THINK my feeling about Britain and the British is best proved by the amount of time that I spend in this country.

The British, I am satisfied, have a more intense love of music than any other people. They are not so easily thrown into ecstasies; but this is because they keep their emotions well in control. Their love of the musical does not lie on the surface, but it is very real all the same.

A good hearty clap from a British audience is worth a dozen from any other—it is so real, so genuine. Usually one of your audiences is satisfied, if pleased with a performance, to hear one encore. On the Continent this would be considered to be a proof of failure. For a really great success in Paris, for instance, the artists would need to appear eight or ten times.

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Every ambitious man should read "The Secrets of Success," now running in SMITH'S WEEKLY. This series has helped many, why not let it help you?

But the Englishman means as much by his one encore as the Parisian does by his many.

There is one feature of your country that ought not to be overlooked—that is, the luxury and comfort of your country that seem to vie with one another to make the lot of the traveller as pleasant as it can be made, and, after much experience, I can say, without hesitation, that they succeed remarkably well.

travelling here. Railway companies seem to vie with one another to make the lot of the traveller as pleasant as it can be made, and, after much experience, I can say, without hesitation, that they succeed remarkably well.

III.—By Viscount Hayaishi.

I LIKE everything English, and am not aware of anything disagreeable.—Viscount Hayaishi.

IV.—By Madame Blanche Marchesi.

LIKE.
English breakfast.
Policemen.
Personal liberty.
Lack of jealousy of the poor classes.
Old English furniture.
Home comfort.
We-ding-cake.
Personal courage.
Love of flowers and animals.
Plum pudding.
Boys' colleges.

DISLIKE.
Snobism.
Black fog.
Triumph of physical training over intellectual training.
Lack of opera houses.
Abandonment of children in the streets.
Ignorance of mothers about children's health.
Cheap literature culture.
Love of bad songs.
The education in girls' schools.

Blanche Marchesi

V.—By Carl Peters.

I LOVE the fairness of the British mind, their sense of justice and respect for the right of individuality. I admire their common sense in political matters, their love of private independence and public self-government, their ability to organise political parties on great and simple lines.

I have great respect for British pluck and enterprise, for their practical sense, which is more unbiassed by theory than that of other nations.

I like the genuineness of British hospitality, the artlessness and frankness of their manners, the taste and the gracefulness of their ladies, their home and family life, their literature and painting, their country life and their sports—as long as they are restricted to healthy bodily exercise.

I admire the British as the greatest colonising race in history, and recognise that their colonising genius is the result of their great national qualities.

I dislike the cant and hypocrisy in English life, which is mainly the outcome of their education, but can be traced in all classes of English society.

I am struck by their lack of critical talent, which is probably the effect of the same cause. I am disgusted with the tendency of national bragging, which is the reverse of a real national pride. "One Britisher is as good as three foreigners," and so on.

The Englishman, from a German point of view, is, as a rule, rather an ignorant person. In his mode of thinking and talking appears too much of clerical influence.

The first book of Moses still ties the ideas of this people, and is the pivot even of broad-minded men. That prevents critical research, and gives their talk often a childish and trivial character.

If I balance the virtues and shortcomings of the British race, as they appear to me, I find that the virtues predominate. The character decides about the value of human beings, and the British national character is mainly honest, straightforward, and sound. It is a manly nation.

Their shortcomings may be improved; for they are partly educational ones. It is not shrewdness of brain, but strength of character that wins the palm in the competition of nations. The Romans, and not the Jews, conquered the ancient world.

Thus also the Anglo-Saxon character is the real basis for this wonderful British Empire and its civilising influence on this planet.

Carl Peters

17 FOUND.

50 MORE TO BE FOUND.

Sea Shell Sovereigns.

Mussel Shells Full of Gold to be Picked up on the Beach at Seaside Resorts.

We have obtained a number of very nice mussel shells inside each shell has been placed the equivalent of a golden sovereign or half a sovereign. The shells have then been carefully sealed up and distributed along the foreshore of the seaside towns mentioned below. The shells have been placed haphazard all along the beach—some exposed to the eye, others placed beneath a few stones, and others half buried in the sand.

When you go to one of these places you have merely to take a stroll along the beach and keep your eye open. In a few minutes you will probably come across one of the PEARSON'S WEEKLY Sea Shell Sovereigns. On the other hand, it may be some hours before you find one. There are, however, plenty of them, and we shall replenish the stock as often as they are found.

The following are the towns where the Sea Shell Sovereigns are at present to be found and the clues as to their whereabouts. Fresh clues have been added to those which appeared last week.

Sea Shell Sovereigns are placed in spots other than those to which clues are given below.

BRIGHTON

Near the groyne to the right of the stage where the "Highwaymen" hold their patrons up to the extent of 2d. for the use of a hair, and give them a first-class entertainment. Another is certain to make the finder treat all his friends to the use of a chair.

In front of one of the fashionable hotels on the front there is, on the beach, an octagonal hut, which would be greatly improved by a coat of fresh tar, but to the left front, nearer the sea, is a mussel shell, which, when found, will make the fortunate finder have golden opinions of "P.W." and Brighton.

Opposite Ship Street, but some little distance behind where the Royal Brighton Minstrel Troupe give their popular entertainment, you can hear the singing and find the gold. If you do, remember the entertainers.

YARMOUTH

There is a wealth of humour in the nigger ring, but there is a greater wealth round the outside of the circle.

Seats free in front, bumps behind, hours 10.30 to 1. Don't stop too long looking at the bumps, look for shells.

Opposite "Dancing," outside a circle of light, below canvas and wood. Not buried nor hidden.

Face shelter opposite switch-back, turn to right, count squares of concrete that form edge of parade. Opposite an even number on sands.

Between Wellington Pier and switchback you will see the numbers 1 to 12 on the beach. In front, not behind.

The following are the names and addresses of the finders of Sea Shell Sovereigns up to the time of going to Press:

CLACTON.

W. J. Murray, 13 Albacore Crescent, Lewisham S.E. ... 10s.
C. Hoskins, 53 Warwick Road, Ealing, W. ... 10s.
Mrs. L. Carter, 1 Burton Villas, Scotland Green Road, Fonder's End, Enfield, Middlesex. ... 10s.
Miss B. Agombar, 25 Halesfield Road, Coleraine Park, Tottenham ... 20s.

SOUTHEND.

W. Hilder, Rose and Crown, Rochford, Essex ... 20s.
Miss D. Earl, c/o Miss Edwards, 41 Norfolk Avenue, Southend ... 10s.
H. Shatter, 43 Emma Street, N. Woolwich Road, Silvertown, E. ... 10s.
Miss E. Douglas, 42 Katherine Street, Silvertown, E. ... 20s.
C. Clark, 19 Grover Street, Tyler's Avenue, Southend ... 20s.

YARMOUTH.

Master A. Hall, 63 Brocklebank Road, Earlsfield, S.W. ... 10s.
Mr. Newton, c/o Mr. Samson, 50 Barrack Street, Colchester ... 10s.
J. Mason, 44 Clive Road, Southtown, Great Yarmouth ... 20s.

BLACKPOOL.

A. Smith, 1 Albert Terrace, South Shore, Blackpool ... 10s.
Miss M. Stark, South Oak Lane, Wilmshaw, Cheshire ... 20s.
Master M. Stark, South Oak Lane, Wilmshaw, Cheshire ... 10s.
Mrs. F. A. Slater, 23 Springfield Road, Blackpool ... 10s.

MARGATE.

Miss E. Griffin, 23 Ethelbert Road, Cliftonville, Margate ... 20s.

The names of other towns will be published as soon as arrangements are made.

When sending the contents of your mussel shell, register your envelope.

The Mysteries of Modern London.*

THE BLACK SHEEP. By GEO. R. SIMS.

What Noble Families Endure to Prevent Disgrace.

Nor very long ago a high dignitary of the Church stood in the witness-box while his brother stood in the dock. Human endurance had come to an end, and the well-known divine had given his brother in charge to protect himself from violence and his family from insult.

This high dignitary of the Church was a man beloved and admired. No one who listened to his sermons, no one who saw him in his delightful home in the midst of his family, imagined that for years his life had been made miserable by the conduct of his own brother.

But at last the torture passed endurance, and the aid of the law was invoked. Then the skeleton in the family cupboard was dragged out into the light of day. But thousands of men and women in good positions set their teeth and bear the strain and the pain. They endure in silence and keep a smiling face before the world. The blacker the black sheep of the family is the more earnestly they strive to avoid doing or saying anything which will draw public attention to the evil-doer.

A Sham Funeral to Hide Shame.

It has happened in more than one case that the members of a noble family, stung to the quick by the infamy of one bearing their name, have connived at a false death and sham burial.

Such a case occurred some years ago, when, death being the only way to avoid a criminal trial, the relatives of the offender, who had fled to avoid arrest, gave out that he was dead, procured a body, and buried a stranger in the family vault.

With the supposed death of So-and-so the action which the outraged law had commenced against him ceased. The black sheep lay, so the world was informed among his noble ancestors, beyond all human retribution. When the coffin that bore his name upon the plate was being lowered into the grave the black sheep was on his way to the East. There, under an assumed name, he lived for some years. It was not until his noble relatives received the news of his actual death through a faithful servant who had accompanied him into exile that they felt easy in their minds about him. They had always been haunted by the terror that in a fit of mad recklessness he would come back to England. He had threatened to do so more than once when the remittances were not as generous as he thought they should be.

There lay some little time back in the condemned cell of a London gaol a man who had committed a brutal murder for gain. The man was tried under a false name, and in that false name executed. For years he had been the black sheep of the family, sinking at last so low in his criminal career that his relatives refused to have anything more to do with him.

This man's real name was a well-known one in the world of philanthropy and the world of commerce. His friends, when they heard of his arrest for murder, were haunted by the fear that he might reveal his identity and put a public shame upon them.

But the murderer put their minds at ease in that regard. While awaiting trial he wrote to the head of the family informing him that he need be under no apprehension. Whatever the result of the trial might be, he, the prisoner, would retain the false name he had assumed when he first took to criminal courses. So perfectly was the secret of this murderer's identity kept that his mother, who died quite recently, never knew that her son had been tried for his life, found guilty, and executed.

Moneylenders who Discount Forged Bills.

But it is not often that the black sheep shows any consideration for the honour of his house. On the contrary, he trades upon the fear his kinsmen have of being injured by the exposure of his infamies. It is the knowledge of what the family will sacrifice to save the good name imperilled by one of its members that makes the money-lender discount without a word the acceptance that he knows to be a forgery.

A. Z. was the son of a retired colonel. He was a trouble to his people from his boyhood. Soon after he came of age a position was found for him in a City office. He led a fast life and gambled, got hold of his father's cheque-book, forged his father's signature, and obtained five hundred pounds. Then he confessed what he had done, and the father had to suffer the loss or allow his son to be criminally prosecuted by the bank. He naturally made no communication to the bank, and the paid forged cheque was debited to his account.

Encouraged by his first success, A. Z., failing to get hold of his father's cheque-book again, forged the name of an acquaintance, a wealthy young man, to a bill and discounted it with a West-end money-lender. The amount was a thousand pounds.

A week before the bill came due he left home and wrote his father a letter—apparently a broken-hearted,

penitent letter—in which again he confessed his crime.

He entreated his father to see the young man whose signature had been forged and arrange the matter. The young man was the son of a brother officer of the old Colonel's. He was horrified at the discovery of young Z.'s treachery, but he consented to receive the thousand pounds and take the bill up with it.

The Colonel in despair told his daughters—he was a widower—what had happened. If their brother persisted in his evil courses there was nothing in front of the family but ruin and shame and humiliation. The little household was reduced to despair. Night and day they were haunted by the terror of what the black sheep would do next.

What he did, having squandered the whole of the money he had obtained by his last forgery, was to swindle tradespeople by giving worthless cheques.

In every instance he had stated who he was, and the Colonel, being well known, was appealed to by the tradespeople, who did not want to prosecute if they could get their money.

Again the Colonel paid, but his little capital had begun to be seriously diminished by these continued drains upon it.

"Father," said the eldest girl, as he described the terrible position in which her brother's conduct had placed them, "Arthur will ruin us. He will bring us to the gutter. So long as you have a farthing left in the world he will continue to rob you."

She brooded on it. She began to hate her brother, the cause of all their misery. She wished that he was dead.

A few months later the young man, as the result of the evil life he was living, was taken seriously ill. He was suffering from alcoholism, and a trained nurse was engaged, as it was not safe to leave him.

His sisters went to see him occasionally. One afternoon the elder sister called. The nurse wanted to go out for half an hour, and the sister offered to stay with the patient.

Was She Responsible?

A quarter of an hour later the sister rushed suddenly downstairs calling for help. Her brother had suddenly jumped out of bed, rushed to the window, flung it open, and leapt out. The window was on the third floor. The young man was picked up dead.

At the inquest the nurse declared that such an accident ought not to have happened. Miss — knew that her brother was likely to make for the window if not restrained—that was a common thing with cases of the kind. There was a bell in the room, and in the adjoining room was the sick man's male servant. There should not have been the slightest difficulty in restraining the would-be suicide, seeing that the window was fastened and assistance could have been secured in a moment.

The sister explained that she was so horrified when she saw her brother leap out of bed and make for the window she could do nothing. She nearly fainted. When she recovered herself her brother was through the window, and then she rushed out of the room calling for help.

But the fate of the black sheep saved the family. The relatives, who knew the story, have their own view of what happened. That which was a mystery to the hired nurse was no mystery to them. The sister deliberately let her brother go to his death.

It is not always the younger members of a family who are the black sheep. Sometimes it is the father—the mother—the husband—the wife.

In the days when a great music hall star was at the height of his fame, and had fortune at his feet, I saw him in his charming home with his boy and his two little girls. The star had been an actor, and was a man of culture and education. He had been separated from his wife for some years. She had left him in circumstances which entirely released him from any moral responsibility with regard to her.

His early married life had been wrecked by this woman, who had become a dipsomaniac. After she left him he devoted himself to his three children. His delight was in them and in his home.

Haunted by a Living Spectra.

One night I was passing the music-hall at which he was starring. His brougham was waiting for him at the stage door, and a little crowd had gathered to see him come out. He came, and there was a cheer, and at that moment a dispirited-looking woman with a battered bonnet on her untidy hair, with torn dress and bedraggled skirts, reeled forward and caught him by the arm.

"Hulloa!" she shouted. "It's you, is it?"

The "star" went very white as he looked into the drunken woman's face. He shook himself free from her clutch and stepped hurriedly into the brougham.

The drunken woman yelled a volley of abuse after him as he drove away.

Then she turned to the crowd and exclaimed:

"I'm his wife—his lawful wife—curse him!—and that's how he treats me."

For ten years the terror of meeting this woman embittered the life of a great popular favourite. It was useless for him to give her money. It went in drink. He had once after she left him given her a home for herself. In six weeks she had sold every stick, and during that time she had twice been locked up and fined for being drunk and creating a disturbance in the street.

She would meet him outside a hall, then disappear for months, to turn up again and publicly claim him as her husband before a crowd of people.

The woman died some years ago in a workhouse infirmary. In her last illness she said who she was, and the great music-hall star was communicated with. He bought a grave for her, and on the tombstone above it he had these words placed: "Sacred to the memory of ———, wife of ———." Dead, he could acknowledge her. Living, his haunting terror was that he might meet her, and she might call him husband.

At the Mercy of a Spendthrift.

In France, when the family fortune and the family honour are being imperilled by a member, a family council can be called, and can invoke the aid of the law to limit the powers of the offending individual. Here no such system exists. A man who has lost all moral control over himself may squander his substance and leave his children beggars. A young man succeeding to a considerable estate may get rid of it in insane extravagance in a year or two. A widow left with the control of her dead husband's fortune may embark on foolish speculations or become the dupe of swindlers and leave the sons and daughters of her dead husband without a farthing in the world.

Mr. B——, who had a high financial position in the City, died and left a widow and four children, all girls. Fortunately, he settled a small sum on each of the girls, but the bulk of his fortune went to the widow.

She was forty-two when her husband died; the eldest girl was nineteen and the youngest fourteen.

Soon after her widowhood Mrs. B—— took to drink. Now began a purgatory for the daughters. The mother would go out every morning and be absent all day. At night she would return staggering, helpless, hopelessly intoxicated.

Sometimes she would be brought home by a policeman. One night a constable found her just before midnight lying on her own doorstep with a black bag in her hand. The black bag, which was half open, contained £700 in notes and gold. The unhappy woman had been to the bank in the afternoon and cashed a cheque for £800. A hundred pounds was missing. What had become of it she herself when she became sober was unable to say. She couldn't remember.

So things went on for two years. Night after night these young girls sat in their home listening to every footstep, waiting for their mother to return.

One night she did not come home at all. The next morning they heard she had been locked up. The police had found her lying in the street with a large sum of money on her, and had locked her up for her own safety.

In her home her presence was often more terrible than her absence. In her delirium she would threaten to kill her daughters. The terrified girls would lock themselves in a bedroom and remain there sometimes for days together, fearing their mother's violence.

In her right senses she loved her children tenderly, and then she was the best of mothers. But as time went on her intervals of sanity became rarer and rarer.

The first day of peace these poor young ladies knew was that on which they followed their mother to her grave.

Where the Father is the Black Sheep.

Mr. H—— has two sons, one a well-known barrister, the other a physician. Both have won for themselves a position in the world. But both have one great and constant terror. Their father is the black sheep of the family.

Up to the age of fifty Mr. H—— was a merchant of repute in the City. He had apparently an ample fortune, and he brought his children up in luxury. His wife died when he was fifty-one, and a year after he became involved in a long and expensive lawsuit.

Soon afterwards a remarkable change came over him. He neglected his business, made questionable acquaintances, and began to drink heavily. Then his affairs became involved. The business was given up. He sold his house and went to live in chambers. All his children had previously left him; the girls had married, the sons were established—one, as I have said, being a barrister, the other a doctor.

One day, calling at his father's chambers, the barrister was astonished to learn that he had given them up and gone away.

The family were alarmed, knowing something of their father's slowly-developed habits, and inquiries were made. The missing merchant was discovered living in a low-class foreign hotel in Soho.

He gave no explanation of his conduct, but allowed himself to be taken to his son's house—the doctor's.

Some time afterwards the doctor was astonished on returning home to find a man in possession of his home. The man had been put in for a debt of £600 which the

SOME CONFESSIONS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

	GEO. R. SIMS. (Author of "Mysteries of Modern London.")	AGNES WESTON. ("The caller's friend.")	ROSALIE NEISH. (The well-known author.)	MARIE BELLOC-LOWNDES. (A writer of renown.)	HENRY FARMER. (Author of "Fettered Lives.")
Your favourite virtue?.....	Moral courage.	Truth.	Self-control.	Fortitude.	Fidelity.
Vice you most dislike?.....	Drunkenness.	Hypocrisy.	To be mean in the wider sense.	Meanness.	Moral cowardice.
Your favourite character in history?	Boadicea.	Victoria R. & I.	William Pitt, first Lord Chat- ham.	Joan of Arc.	Oliver Cromwell.
Your favourite motto?.....	"Nil desperandum."	"Trust in God and do the Right." Gertrude.	"If thou faint in the day of ad- versity thy strength is small." Margaret.	"It's never too late to mend."	"Rule, Britannia!"
Your favourite name for a woman?	Jessica.	Ernest.	—	Barbara.	Annie.
Your favourite name for a man? ...	Harold.	Writing.	Literary work.	Louis.	John.
Your favourite employment?.....	Watering the garden.	—	Playing with children.	Writing.	Studying human nature.
Your favourite amusement?	Taking the dog out.	Lily of the valley.	Lily of the valley.	Reading.	Playing with clockwork trains.
Your favourite flower?	The carnation.	Blue.	Mauve—or pale yellow.	White lilac.	The violet.
Your favourite colour?	Yellow.	The Bible.	"Jane Eyre."	Purple.	Harrow and Oxford blue.
Your favourite book?	"Monte Christo."	"Death of Nelson."	—	"Wives and Daughters" (Mrs. Gaskell). "Caller Herrin'."	"David Copperfield."
Your favourite song?	"As Once in May."	Shakespeare.	Heine and Longfellow.	George Meredith.	"Forty Years On."
Your favourite poet?	Bret Harte.	—	—	London.	Shelley.
City in which you would rather live?	Paris.	Plenty of work and health to do it. Idleness.	The attainment of self-control.	—	Utopia.
Your idea of perfect happiness? ...	Nothing to do.	—	—	—	A punt, a backwater, and the woman one loves.
Your idea of perfect misery?.....	A pipe that won't draw.	Admiral Collingwood.	D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers." I have never met one.	Phineas Finn (Trollope). The Anglo-Indian Nicholson.	Lack of ideas, or an editorial telegram demanding copy instantly.
Your favourite hero in fiction?	Edmond Dantes.	—	—	Mrs. Josiah Crawley ("Last Chronicles of Barset," by Trollope). Mrs. Fry.	Jean Valjean—"Les Misér- ables." General Booth.
Your favourite hero in real life? ...	George R. Sims.	—	—	—	Mrs. Wiggs of "The Cabbage Patch."
Your favourite heroine in fiction?...	Angela in "Heavenly Twins."	—	—	—	My wife.
Your favourite heroine in real life?	Mrs. Burgwin.	To do as much good as I can while passing through the world.	To be content.	—	The happiness of those nearest and dearest—with a chunk thrown in for myself.
Your greatest desire?	A country life.	—	—	—	—
We shall publish shortly the opinions of other well- known people.					
					

MYSTERIES OF MODERN LONDON (continued).

merchant had contracted, stating that the house—the doctor's—was his residence.

The doctor, with the aid of a solicitor, got rid of the bailiff, and eventually to avoid a scandal he and the barrister paid the £300 between them.

A month later the doctor found another man in possession, this time for £100. His father had borrowed a hundred of a money-lender, giving his son's address as his own.

An investigation made showed that the once prosperous merchant had so hopelessly involved his affairs that he was practically without resources, and it was impossible to ascertain what liabilities he was incurring.

In five years the sons between them paid over £10,000 to avoid the scandal which would have arisen had their father's peculiar business transactions come into court.

For both of them life had become a constant harass and strain. They could not prevent their father getting credit by publicly advertising that he had no resources. Such a course would have brought about the very publicity they were anxious to avoid.

And the father, finding that the sons eventually paid on every occasion, however much they protested at first, continued to incur liabilities. Many of his transactions were morally insane if not legally so.

One of his last feats was to sign an acceptance for £500 and give it to a man he met in the smoking-room of an hotel to get discounted for him. He and this man divided the proceeds between them. He was introduced to his new financial agent one Monday afternoon by somebody whose name he forgot, and on Tuesday he handed him the bill.

This time, when proceedings were taken on the bill, the sons put their backs to the wall. But certain allegations were made, and, to avoid "unpleasantness," they compounded and paid £300 to get the bill back.

When I last heard of the black sheep father he had been "converted," and was thinking of joining the Salvation Army.

The sons are nervous. They have an idea that they will one day meet their father in a scarlet uniform beating a big drum.

But even that would be a relief, if he devotes himself to music and abandons finance.

In the lives of the people lie the Mysteries of Modern London, and the Black Sheep go to the making of many of them.

(Next week: "Children and Crime.")

"WILLIAM, wake up!" she whispered. "I'm sure I heard a burglar downstairs. You'd better go down and see."

"My goodness, woman!" he replied sleepily, "what a low opinion you must have of me. I'm not in the habit of hobnobbing with burglars."

JOHNNY SUSPECTED SOMETHING.

THE other day a lady took her son to a photographer's. The youth seemed to be in great distress and wept piteously when the artist proceeded to pose him.

"Now, Johnny," said his mother soothingly, "you must be a good boy and don't cry. The kind man won't hurt you and it will be over in a moment."
"Yes, that's all very well," blubbered the boy, "but that's what you said when you took me to the dentist's!"

"How is Duffson getting on?"
"Oh! he's growing rich by his pen."
"I didn't know he was a literary man!"
"He isn't; he keeps pigs."

WHY HE WAS IMPRESSED.

THE bad boy of the school had done something more than usually outrageous, and his teacher thought it necessary to deal with him seriously. She took him aside and talked gravely of his delinquencies. "Johnny sat still," she said when relating the story, "looking at me intently, and seemed to be deeply impressed. I thought I was making great headway, and that my little sermon was surely penetrating Johnny's brain. I never saw a child who seemed so absorbed, even fascinated, by my line of argument. But you can never tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self, a light of discovery broke over Johnny."

"I say, teacher," he said eagerly, "it's your lower jaw that moves, isn't it?"

ROB: "The girl I'm engaged to says I'm a brick."
ROY: "H'm! Probably that's because you threw yourself at her feet."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

A FARMER and his wife called at a photographer's gallery last week to order some photographs of her, and while the operator was getting ready the husband gave the wife a little advice as to how she was to act.

"Fasten your mind on something," said he, "or else you'll laugh and spoil the job. Think about early days; how your father got in gaol, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you. Jest fasten your mind on that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

MRS. SMITH: "I'd like to sell you a ticket, sir. We're getting up a raffle for a poor sailor."

MR. KRUSTY: "Not to me. I wouldn't know what to do with a sailor if I won him."

A MEMORY WORTH MONEY.

HE was a furniture-remover's man, and his memory, as he cheerfully admitted, was "very convenient."

No, he couldn't remember where Mr. Slyfit had taken his family and furniture. "Come, now," said the debt-collector, "he hasn't been gone a week, and you drove the van!"

"Did I?"
"You know you did!"
"And it's only a week ago?"
"Of course."
"Funny," murmured the man, "how easy a fellow forgets!"

The debt-collector produced half a sovereign and tendered it. "That ought to rouse your memory!" he remarked.

"It ought to do so, sir," admitted the other. "But you see this ain't no common, ordinary memory, and it'll take a deal o' rousing. Why, it cost a sovereign to put it to sleep!"

A LORD CHARLES BERESFORD STORY.

SOME twelve or fifteen years ago Lord Charles Beresford received a letter from a railway porter, which ran as follows:

"My Lord, last night my wife had twins, and I write to ask your lordship if you will ask H.R.H. the Princess of Wales if we may call the little girl 'Princess of Wales Brown,' and may we call the little boy 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown'?"

Lord Charles obtained the Princess's permission, and gladly consented himself to the man's request.

Three months later came another letter:
"My Lord, I am 'appy to inform your lordship that Lord Charles Beresford Brown is well and 'ealthy, and Princess of Wales Brown died at four o'clock this morning."

"THAT sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."

"What's that?"
"He's station-master where fifty trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."

WHAT PEACE MEANS.

"CAN you tell me the meaning of the word 'peace'?" asked Miss Gray of a little boy who had just recited a patriotic poem in which the word occurred.

"Peace means when you ain't got no children," answered the child.

"How is that?" asked Miss Gray.
"When my mother has washed and dressed us six children for school in the morning, she says, 'Now, I'll have peace.'"

Questions Worth Answering

Did our Ancestors Use Buttons?

Buttons were used in England by way of ornament as far back as the tenth century, but it was not until early in the fourteenth that they were adopted as a necessary part of clothing, in place of ribbons or laces, which had previously served a similar purpose.

The manufacture of buttons is not mentioned as a separate trade till about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the importation of foreign buttons, made with the needle, was prohibited. This was soon followed by the invention of metal buttons, and to encourage this a penalty of forty shillings was imposed, in 1690, on every dozen of buttons consisting merely of a mould, covered with the same kind of cloth as the garment, and all importation of foreign buttons was forbidden by law.

What is the Chair of Idris?

On the very summit of Cader-Idris, a mountain peak in Merionethshire, Wales, is an excavation in the solid rock which takes the form of a couch. This is said to be the chair of Idris, the giant, after whom the mountain was named.

Tradition says that whoever ventures to rest for a night in this seat will be found next morning either dead or demented, or else endowed with supernatural powers.

This excavation is probably the "Chair of Idris" to which Tennyson refers in "Enid," where Geraint says:

He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,
Himself, pushing beyond the rest, could move
The chair of Idris.

It is situated in what was deemed King Arthur's territory, and Geraint was a knight of his court.

What is the Bayeux Tapestry?

The celebrated tapestry, called Bayeux, from the place where it is preserved, is a record on canvas, more minute in some particulars than written history, of the Conquest of England by the Normans in 1066.

According to tradition it was the work of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court. It is a web of linen cloth 214 feet long by 20 inches wide, and is worked in wool of varied colours.

We have it from the latest authority that on this canvas, besides the figures of 505 animals and birds, there are 623 men, 202 horses, 55 dogs, 37 buildings, 41 ships and boats, and 49 trees. It is divided into 72 compartments, each representing some particular occurrence. The Bayeux tapestry would have been destroyed during the French Revolution had not a priest succeeded in concealing it from the mob.

What is the Green Solitaire?

A beautiful bird, almost wholly unknown even to the natives, was among the most interesting discoveries made in the Island of Hawaii by one of Mr. Walter Rothschild's collectors. It is found only in a dense forest, which extends for a few miles on either side of the Wailuku river, at an elevation of about 3,000 feet.

You might watch for this matchless bird in vain, unless you first learned its plaintive call note, by using which the collector contrived to lure a specimen from the green depths. Its long bill resembles that of the oriole, and, like this species, it lives on insects, which it gathers from the leaves of the ohia tree, a refreshing native mountain apple.

A bright olive-green above, with yellow-green underparts, and brown wing feathers edged with gold, the green solitaire is by far the most striking tenant of those rocky haunts.

How did Soap Come into Use?

The use of soap as a cleanser is not of great antiquity. It was at first merely a cosmetic for smoothing the hair and brightening the complexion. When once its valuable cleansing powers were appreciated, its use for such purposes spread rapidly. Manufactories sprang up in Italy, notably in the little seaport town of Savona, near Genoa, whence came *Savon*, the French name for soap.

Its manufacture soon spread to Spain and France, and Marseilles became famous for marbled soaps. Our word soap comes probably from the Latin *sapo*, which Pliny mentions as an invention of the Gauls.

As woollen garments preceded linen, so the fuller's art is older than the washerwoman's, being due, it is said, to one Nicias. His great discovery was the use of earth for such purposes, the origin of our "fuller's earth," which is found of superior quality in Staffordshire and Bedfordshire.

Are Big Heads Best?

It is a common mistake to judge of mental capacity and brain power by the size of the hat or head. Professor Pearson pointed out, in a paper read before the members of the Royal Society, that there is no real foundation for the current notion that big heads are best.

No doubt, as a rule, large heads show a better physical development, but it has been proved beyond question, by taking a number of Cambridge undergraduates of similar general habits, and measuring their heads, that there is no general connection between

ability—as judged by the results of honours examination—and the size or the shape of the head.

The evidence was not quite so marked in a series of measurements made in schools, but upon the whole it pointed to the same conclusion. Taking an average distinction between the able and the dull of all ages, there is in the general population very little correlation between ability and the size of the head.

Do Wood Posts Burn Readily?

A post of wood will resist the action of fire to a remarkable degree. Such a post, that had endured the full force of a warehouse fire for five hours, was thoroughly dried from the drenching of water and set on end in an open yard. More than a ton of shavings and wood were heaped around it and set on fire, after being saturated with petroleum and turpentine.

At the end of two hours and a half it was withdrawn from the flames, and a few feet were sawn off horizontally where the action of the fire had told most, and also split with steel wedges. The post was of pitch pine, a most inflammable wood, and yet, after this exposure to fierce fire for seven hours, it contained within it a quantity of perfectly uninjured and apparently fresh wood, probably strong enough to support the whole weight which the original post was designed to carry.

Are Owls Mischievous?

A correspondent in the *Field* deprecates most strongly the slaughter of "our good friends the owls," and extols not only their quaint beauty and weird notes, but also their value to the farmer. And yet on all sides they are shot down and destroyed by keepers, who in ignorance and prejudice bid fair to exterminate these most interesting birds.

It is quite a common sight to see specimens of the owl family nailed up with vermin on the barn wall or on a keeper's door, so that it is becoming a rare thing to meet with them nowadays, even in places where white owls were once abundant, and every large covert had its pair of long-horned owls.

It naturally follows that mice and rats are over-running many farms, and making free with the food that keepers supply to their coops, for it is these and not the young birds that are sought for in such places by the owls, that are thus doing good service to the young pheasants and to those who have the care of them.

TOM: "That pretty Miss Wilkins seems to have quite a number of eligible young men in her train."

JACK: "Yes; and it's only a matter of time until there will be a smash-up to that train, with only one survivor."

CLARA: "I suppose you have heard that Charlie Biggins and I don't speak, haven't you?"

MAUDE: "Why, no. What was the trouble?"

CLARA: "It was all my dressmaker's fault. She forgot to take the pins out of my waistband."

A REAL CONVERSION.

MR. SPURGEON used to tell the following story of the conversion of a servant-girl. When she was asked, "Are you converted?" she replied, "I hope so, sir."

"What makes you think you are?"

"Well, sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be."

"What is the change?"

"I don't know, sir; but there is a change in all things. But there is one thing, I always sweep under the mats now."

FRIEND: "Are you superstitious? Do you believe in signs?"

Successful Merchant: "No; newspaper advertisements are better—and cheaper."

Mrs. JONES: "Who is that man walking away with Miss Parke?"

Mr. Brown: "That? Oh! that's Schimpfenhagen—the famous conductor, you know."

Mrs. Brown (absently): "Which 'bus is he on?"

TOO PRECISE.

He carefully prepared the small garden plot, while his wife, deeply interested in his labour, stood watching him. After he had put in the seeds and smoothed over the bed, his wife took his arm to accompany him to the house, and on the way she asked:

"When will the seeds come up, John?"

He was one of those men who take pleasure in saying a smartthing when the opportunity offers, so, laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder, he said:

"I don't expect them to come up at all, Maria."

"You don't!" she exclaimed; "then why have you gone to all that trouble?"

With the smile that springs from superior knowledge, he answered:

"The seeds won't come up, but the flowers will by-and-by."

But he was wrong, for his neighbour's hens got into his garden that day, and the seeds did come up.

I GRIP THE WORLD.

A Pair of Kid Gloves Tells Its Life Story.

How do you do? Don't grip too hard. You see, I'm your new pair of kid gloves, and if you stretch me too tightly at first you run the risk of splitting my thin and fine-feeling fabric.

I was born at Worcester, in a factory famous all the world over for our manufacture. Kids, as our name implies, provide the material; but they must be of tender age, as otherwise the skin would be too tough and fit only for making shoes. So small is this skin, too, that on an average only three separate gloves can be cut from it.

As one of a huge pile of kid skins, then, I was carted from the leather-dresser's to the glove factory. At once we were subjected to a critical examination. According to our grain, fineness, and powers of resistance to various dyes, so we were separated into heaps.

Whether we should become glacé or suede gloves was also decided for us. Though so different to the touch, these kinds are identical, for the glacé glove is worn just as the animal wears its skin, the outside corresponding with the hairy side, whereas the suede is just the reverse—the hairy side being worn next to your skin.

The next operation was "swilling." Into a tub of clean water I was put and washed and trodden on. "Egging" followed. That is, I was beaten under a series of shafts that move up and down with considerable force in a great tub containing egg liquor.

This went on for an hour, till I was impregnated with the liquor, and was lifted from it of a yellow tinge.

That was all the dyeing I was to have; but other skins, after this process, are placed in tubs of various hues, and the colour trodden into them by men.

My skin, now smooth, soft, flexible, and of a good colour, was next passed into the "paring" room. Fixing me tightly on a wooden frame, the workman took a peculiarly-shaped knife in hand and passed it carefully over my surface. It requires great skill or the skin is ruined.

I now made the acquaintance of the cutting-out room. After being stretched and measured, a stiff, square paper model was laid flat upon me, and first my two sides were cut in one piece, then the thumb-piece, after that six forchettes for going between the fingers, and various other smaller pieces. My "other half" was similarly cut out, and we passed on to the stamping room.

Here I was placed, with a few layers of paper on top of me, under a cutting press, whose sharp knives resembled somewhat the appearance of a glove. Down came the press, and in an instant my two sides were completely cut. Thumb-pieces and the other parts were cut in precisely the same way. Then, together with all my pieces, I was ready for sewing.

In Worcester women sew gloves in their homes. In one house they will do the thumbs and fingers, in another the backs, in a third the topping or "wrist-binding," and in a fourth put on the buttons and work the button-holes. Accordingly I was passed from house to house till a complete existence was given me.

Nearly all the women used a stand called a "clam," which is something like a vice, and held by them between the feet and knees. I was slipped into the "clam," my cut edges being almost level with the top surface, which is of brass, and is really a series of fine teeth. Between these teeth the needle is passed, so that the stitches cannot fail to be regular.

Back again in the factory, my partner and I were subjected to a most searching scrutiny. Then our stitches were tested with the aid of the stretcher, and this being satisfactory, the name of our maker, together with the size, was stamped inside them, and we were pressed very flat.

By the time I was packed with other gloves, made into a parcel of half a dozen, was forwarded to a retail shopkeeper, and purchased by you, I had passed, from the moment of leaving the leather-dresser's, through quite two hundred hands.

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Should Bank Holidays be Abolished?

They encourage Intoxication and Laziness.

LORD AVEBURY, of course, was actuated by the best intentions when, many years ago, he proposed and persuaded Parliament to pass the law which has fixed the dates of our national or bank holidays. It was only right that hard-working bread-winners should be given a brief respite from their labours and thus be enabled to recuperate their tired bodies and brains. By an occasional day's rest or sojourn in the pure air of the country, the toiler should be enabled to return to his work with renewed energy and power.

But the manner in which many hundred thousand persons spend their bank holidays must surely be a matter of regret to their founder. He could not have foreseen the height to which some people will go in their search for so-called enjoyment. He could not have foreseen that many people would devote the day to intoxication, extravagance, and laziness.

In my opinion bank holidays should be entirely abolished. They serve no good purpose whatsoever, and, in fact, make only for the deterioration, physically and mentally, of our people.

In the first place, the conditions of life of all classes of workers at the present time are very different from the days when there were no bank holidays. Then, excepting Sundays, and, in some cases, Christmas Day and Good Friday, the year was one of work, work, work from morn till eve, without a single holiday. In the vast majority of instances the hours of labour on Saturday were as many as on any other day of the week.

An occasional holiday was at that strenuous period absolutely essential. But contrast that time with the present day, less than forty years later. Now almost every worker not only expects so many bank holidays

every year, but also requires a week or two in the summer for a trip to the seaside. The holiday craze is universal all over the country and with all descriptions and ranks of bread-winners.

I do not imagine Lord Avebury, when he assisted in the framing of the Bank Holiday Bill, took into consideration the possibility of his suggested holidays being supplemented by a week or two's absence from work in the summer. I think that one or the other is unnecessary, and personally would much rather have a week's leave in the summer even if I had to work on all the bank holidays to obtain it.

Now for more serious charges against bank holidays. Very few people spend the day in a manner calculated to give them the greatest possible benefit. To summarise, people spend their bank holidays in three ways.

At this time of the year a very great proportion rush off to the sea, another large section visit the exhibitions, museums, and other places of amusement and interest that are within easy reach of the towns in which they live, and the remainder spend the holiday in or about their homes.

To consider the seaside bank holiday-makers. They will endure any inconvenience, submit to any extortion, and practice the wildest extravagance in order to spend the first Monday in August at the popular seaside resorts.

As soon as the sun rises they flock to the big railway stations, where they fight for seats or else submit to being packed in carriages on a standing-up journey lasting several hours.

When they arrive, extortion commences. Gladdened by the sight of the huge crowds, every person who has

anything to sell determines to profit to the utmost, and imposition and extortion are practised openly and unblushingly on all sides.

Now it is not too much to say that the vast majority of persons who submit to this extortion, who have only acquired their holiday money by dint of much saving and self-sacrifice, are extremely foolish to part with it. And I maintain that they derive no physical benefit from the extravagance or their seaside stay.

Nor do those persons who, with thousands of others, are pushed about in the fœtid atmosphere usually to be found in crowded places of entertainment, spend the holiday beneficially. Of those who spend bank holiday at home many are deterred from going out by the huge crowds that are everywhere to be met with, and wisely spend a quiet, enjoyable day in their own gardens; while of the others—those debased persons who cannot find enjoyment outside a public-house—they not only ruin their constitutions and their homes, but in by no means a few cases help to swell the list of police charges, which have made bank holidays, in the poorer parts of our towns, at any rate, notorious for their encouragement of drunkenness and violence.

Not one man in a hundred spends bank holiday properly—that is, spends it so that he is benefited mentally and physically. The day after a bank holiday is always a disastrous one to every employer. What with the time wasted in telling their fellow employees of their adventures, and the general disinclination for work which is always present, many firms suffer in consequence to the extent of many hundreds of pounds.

For these reasons I am of opinion that bank holidays are now unnecessary, and should therefore be abolished.

Millionaires' Little Flings.

It may cost him him £250,000 to get into Society.

TO SEE a stout and elderly millionaire "kicking-off" at a football match is a sight that curdles the blood only of dwellers in certain industrial centres.

Millionaires who want Parliamentary votes also preside at tea-meetings, socials, and conversaciones. While Mrs. Millionaire buzzes about kissing the local babies, hubby writes letters to the local paper, in which he quite possibly acquires a share. He also subscribes largely to local charities, spending a few thousands altogether.

All this the millionaire does to get a seat in the "best club in the country," as the House of Commons is often called.

Running a theatre is another amusement the millionaire can indulge in at quite a moderate cost.

Here the millionaire, if he is lucky, may even make money, or, at all events, have it made for him; but if he attends at all diligently to the process, his little theatrical "flutter" will soon become hard work.

At least one, however, of our most notable actor-managers owes his chance to the generous "financing" of a wealthy personage, who enabled him, free of interest, to control some £25,000. Such a man our millionaire provides with a theatre at anything between £1,000 and £10,000 a year, the rent depending upon the previous "luck" of the house and the class of production associated with it.

Theatre rented, and play obtained and "mounted," the "company" must be got together. Salaries range from £80 a week, which may be paid to the "leading lady," to the sixpence a night flung to the call-boy.

The actor-manager himself, of course, draws a substantial salary—say, from £20 to £50 a week; but, in addition, he has a private sharing arrangement with his patron, the millionaire.

Including dresses and scenery, the millionaire will now have been let in for a matter of £10,000, but, if the new production succeeds in pleasing the public taste, the outgoings will, in due course, be more than met out of the receipts. If not, he will quickly be another £10,000 out of pocket.

£30,000 altogether may easily represent his losings; on the other hand, it may as easily represent his share of the profit in a *San Toy* or a *Charley's Aunt*.

In a Scottish shooting-box the self-made millionaire will often lay the first stones of his social reputation. His guests, selected from those men of fair social position with whom he has managed to scrape acquaintance, come back to town to sound the praises of their host; and our millionaire can then, if he likes, pick a still more select party to shoot over the coverts of his recently-rented place—let us say in Leicestershire. Some of the bluest blood in Britain can be tempted by the prospect of a "go in" at a couple of thousand pheasants.

It will go hard with our wealthy plotter but his shooting-parties bring him a tempting invitation or two to a good house-party for the Christmas season. Should he be luckily a bachelor, he will, if he has shown sufficient evidence of wealth to his guests, become a matrimonial "lion."

Reports of his "wonderful place" in Leicestershire

—which by now he will have bought outright—will whet the appetites of match-making mammas, and after the next "Drawing-room" he can take his pick among the proudest of the *débutantes*. The "place in Leicestershire" will have cost him fifty to a hundred thousand pounds, but he will not regret it this side of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Should our millionaire be neither a bachelor nor a widower, his ascent of the social ladder will be necessarily more difficult. In this case his purchase of a fine town house will probably precede the acquisition of a big country seat.

His circle of influential friends will grow more slowly than if he were a bachelor; but when—and if—a few of the "grand dames" of Society have satisfied themselves that Mrs. Millionaire is "fit to know," her husband's progress is fairly certain.

Financing a London daily newspaper comes in even more expensive than getting into Society. The millionaire who goes in for guiding the destinies of the nation by establishing a great daily must be able to lose a quarter of a million, and be cheerful about it.

The expenses of a millionaire who would go in for horse-racing are incalculable. Even if he have not his own stables, it will cost him something like £2,000 a year simply to feed and shelter not more than a dozen horses.

And this would be but an item of his total expenditure. For instance, he might have to pay from four to five thousand pounds for the "third call" on the services of a leading jockey.

Something About an Important Branch of Hotel Life.

How Hotels Count their Silver.

THE professional linen and plate stock-checker and his assistant have a thankless, arduous, but necessary task to perform in the successful working of a hotel.

The sharper the stock-checker's eye in detecting waste and the remedy to be applied thereto the greater the saving in expenditure on renewals, the fewer shortages there are to be made good; and on the amount of the shortages depend the size of the dividend, and whether it bears a healthy aspect or a meagre percentage on a man's money.

Silver is checked at night, and linen during the day. Having arranged a date with the manager, the checkers arrive early to start the contest, and down in their rooms they find the linen-keeper and her associates awaiting them.

The waiters begin to arrive early with armfuls of dirty stuff, clamouring for clean. Ordinarily they wait enough to set the tables for lunch, after which they again appear with that linen soiled, demanding clean for dinner.

Every department requiring clean linen is thus dealt with, including, of course, the chambermaids', with this exception; that the linen given to the latter is not entered, it being obvious that if this were done it would be counted once again when the bedrooms are visited for the numbers of the various articles there.

The checkers now rest assured that the linen-room is free from all demands, and they then use the golden opportunity to count the vast quantities of linen packed away in the linen-rooms.

Early in the afternoon an assistant checker will start the bedrooms. The afternoon is chosen because people seldom remain in their rooms after lunch, and in this respect the checker looks for a fine day, because residents go out of doors when the weather is fine.

He takes with him a long sheet of paper divided into columns, and every column is for a certain article only. In the first he places the number of the room he visits, and can, therefore, see at a glance what is in each respective room.

He must examine the covering of every bed, the linen equipment of every room, and the texture and quality of the articles. A smart man will do about thirty-three rooms in an hour, including store cupboards, which sometimes contain stock to a considerable extent.

If a visitor is in his room, the words "not seen" are put against the number, and the entries noted from the maid's memory, to be subsequently verified by actual inspection as soon as the room is vacant.

It is the soiled linen that now requires attention. With the exodus of the laundrymen the checker may fancy he can see the conclusion of his work, but there still remains the most tiring and difficult business of all to be done.

Since the checker made his last visit, the linen-keeper has been continually laying aside articles which she considers unfit for further use. The poor man now has to examine one by one, each article, and decide which shall be "cast out," and which shall be repaired.

In the final stock sheet sent in the totals found at last checking are placed in one column and the additions of new stock added—the process being plainly shown for reference. The totals at present checking are now compared and shown as so many "over" or "short," as the case may be.

The cast-outs are now taken into account, and the net totals given. This completes the stock-checker's task.

Silver is checked at night. The moment the last customer leaves the supper-room, tablecloths are whisked off, chairs are stacked away, and the air is rent by the clash and bang of rapidly-borne plates, dishes, and knives.

Tables are run up together to make one continuous bench, and thereon are placed spoons, forks, and knives in tens. If the checker is not on the spot to see for himself, he will discover, to his cost, that one waiter will lay them out in tens, another in twelves, and another in lots of fifteen each.

Side tables groan beneath the weight of cruets of all sizes, sauce boats strew the floor, and salvers cover chairs. Every article containing silver is produced and deposited for inspection.

The checker has to be quick and sure if he wishes to get to bed before the streets are alive with people. It is only when he casually opens a cupboard, which he has been told is "empty," and discovers various silver articles therein that he feels sad at heart that the task he fondly imagined completed still keeps him from his rest.

Picked Pars.

Powerful.

A crane which has just been erected at Dublin Harbour will lift over 150 tons.

Cheap at the Price.

The following notice is to be seen in the window of an East End hotel: "Billiard tables upstairs. One shilling per hundred."

Safe Scenery.

A Paris theatre has replaced all its inflammable scenery by scenes painted on galvanised iron and metallic gauze. The framework is of iron tubing.

Clever Blind Man.

For the last twenty years there has been employed at the Cherry Tree Inn, Southgate, a blind ostler. He can tell regular customers by the sound of the trotting of their horses.

Rheumatism and a Surprise.

After being attended four months for rheumatism, Mrs. Ellen Read, Irwell Grove, Eccles, was surprised to find the point of a darning-needle coming through the skin below her elbow. On being extracted the needle measured 2½ inches in length.

Vesper Boats.

All the boats owned by the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, about 200 in number, possess names commencing with the letter "V."

Musical Heart.

A Russian, whose defective heart gave out a musical sound which could be heard six feet away, has died at Chicago. He made a living by exhibiting himself at medical schools.

Motoring Volunteers.

The German Army now possesses a corps of volunteer motorists. In return for certain privileges the members place their machines at the disposal of the military authorities and go through a regular training.

Giant Safe.

A safe now being made for the Premier Diamond Mine Company is intended to hold £2,000,000 worth of diamonds. It will be the strongest safe ever constructed. Seven feet high, six feet wide, and weighing twenty-one tons, it will cost between £1,500 and £2,000. The steel door alone will weigh five tons.

Quick Work.

A Midland factory recently turned out a pair of men's boots in twenty minutes.

Good Bird for a Boarding House.

A hen hatched at Old Catton, near Norwich, has four legs, four wings, and two bodies, but only one head.

Bloodthirsty Bees.

A gentleman residing in a village near Peterborough, when examining his hives recently, found in one of them the complete skeleton of a mouse.

The Home of Mouth-organs.

Trossingen, in the Black Forest, is the home of the mouth-organ. One firm in that town alone has fifteen branch factories, employs 2,000 hands, and turns out 6,000,000 mouth-organs every year.

Deadly Wine Fumes.

A vineyard proprietor of Ittiri (Sardinia), named Rocca, sent a servant to fetch wine from a large tank holding 40,000 gallons. Overcome by the fumes, the man fell in. Three others, including the son of the proprietor, a youth of twenty, who went to his assistance, were also overcome, and were all drowned in the wine.

Illustrated Pars.

FOR TUBE RAILWAY MEN.

THIS curious-looking object is a man wearing the new smoke respirator which has been adopted by one of the underground tube railways of London. When wearing one of these devices the railwaymen will be able to enter the tubes should a fire be raging and take no heed whatever of the smoke, for it enables the wearer to breathe in the densest smoke and feel not the slightest discomfort from it. A somewhat similar respirator is under the consideration of several fire brigades.



A MURDERER!

THIS is the name given to a strange implement that many sailing-vessels carry. It consists of a piece of lead about twelve inches long and one inch in diameter, to which six or eight large cod hooks are securely fastened. When a vessel is becalmed or travelling before a light wind, the implement is lowered over the side of the vessel, and by means of pulling it up and down rapidly at an arm's length a good catch of fresh cod may be made, as the fish make a grab at the bright flashing metal and so get caught on one of the hooks. It is important to keep the implement clean and bright, as otherwise it will not attract the fish.



AN UNUSUAL POST-MARK.

WHEN a triangular post-mark appears on a circular it signifies that it contains a type-written communication. These circulars will be treated as letters and charged a penny unless handed in at a post-office in quantities of at least twenty at a time, attention being called to their nature. The letters G F T shown in the triangle are the code for the post-office at which they are posted.



MEASURING A TREE'S HEIGHT.

THE approximate height of a tree can be easily discovered if this method is used.—Two well-planned pieces of wood are procured and fastened together at an angle of forty five degrees. Also a thick piece of wood is prepared for use as a post, and the angle is placed on this so that the base of the angle A is perfectly parallel with the ground. A sight is then taken along the line B, and the stand is moved forward or backward until the top of the tree comes within the line of sight. The measurement is taken from the spot C, where the imaginary line would reach the ground, to the foot of the trunk of the tree, and the figure thus obtained represents approximately the height of the tree. The more level the ground, the more accurate will be the estimate.



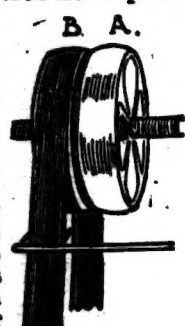
WHY RAILWAY WHEELS ARE BEVELLED.

DID you ever notice that the wheels of a locomotive engine are bevelled? The reason for this is that in rounding a curve the outer rail is, of course, a little longer than the inner one. The difference is very little, but it would be enough to make an engine "skid" unless it were reckoned for. In the bevelled wheel the higher part, with its greater circumference, is forced against the outer rail by the very tendency of the engine to drive "straight ahead," and with the other wheel the smaller circumference rests on the rail, thus overcoming the difference in the lengths of the lines.



HANDY FOR SMALL MACHINES.

WHEN a number of machines get their motive power from the same engine a very clever arrangement is made to enable each separate machine to be used or to stand idle as may be desired. In the illustration is shown a part of a shaft that is always revolving. On this are two wheels, one (A) fixed to and moving with the shaft, the other (B) loose. When it is desired to work the machine the belt is drawn on to the fixed wheel (A) and, of course, begins to move around, working the machine as it does so. The belt is changed from one wheel to the other by a lever that moves the rod with two guides for the strap, as shown in the illustration, just below the wheels.



Personal Pars.

MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

MR. ASQUITH, K.C., M.P., the famous politician, is an expert amateur mechanic. He has constructed many mechanical models in his time, and he also built two bicycles, one of which is now in the possession of the Prince of Wales.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

QUEEN WILHELMINA is credited with having a will of her own, rather a useful quality in a sovereign ruler of a country. As a girl she had a high sense of the dignity of her position, which once showed itself in an amusing manner. About eight years ago she and her mother visited England, and were met at the station by Princess Beatrice. The latter affectionately kissed Queen Emma, and turned to offer the same salute to the daughter, but the little Queen, with inexpressible hauteur, drew herself up, and offered her hand. The Princess was quite equal to the occasion, and immediately kissed it, though the bystanders could see that she was intensely amused.

MR. WHITELAW REID.

MR. WHITELAW REID, the American Ambassador in London, was in his youth a war correspondent, and in that capacity committed an offence in the Civil War which nearly cost him his life. He was serving with General Rosecrans' army in Virginia, and in a dispatch describing the ignorance and barbarism of the natives of that part of the country he wrote: "So absolutely stupid are these people that actually it has never occurred to them, although they are such bitter foes to the Northern cause, to cut our telegraph wires." General Rosecrans read the dispatch and sent for Reid. "Do you know," he said to him, "I ought to have you shot? You might as well have stood on the top of a tall tower and shouted through a trumpet, 'Why don't you cut Rosecrans' telegraph?'" Reid was

taken before the Judge-Advocate-General, and was actually sentenced to death. The prisoner, however, got on his horse the same night, and made his escape—which was probably what the army authorities desired, as they left the means so handy.

THE CZARINA.

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA brings up her children in the simple manner in which her own youth was conducted under the care of her mother, Princess Alice. All the small Grand Duchesses, with the aid of foreign nurses and governesses, are taught English, French, and German in addition to their own language. The Czarina before her marriage was constantly in England, and was a great favourite with her grandmother, the late Queen, for whom she always had a sincere affection. The family visits with the Czar to Balmoral were always looked on as a happy relaxation from the austere life at the Russian Court.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

It is not generally known that our greatest living man of letters was a journalist for a time. Mr. George Meredith edited, between the years 1859 and 1865, the *Ipswich Journal* by a somewhat curious arrangement. It would be impossible to-day to pursue his leisurely methods. Then, as now, he resided at his cottage in Surrey, whence he dispatched to Ipswich each week one or two leading articles and a couple of columns of notes, in which he gave a summary and a running commentary on the news of the week. Oddly enough, Mr. Meredith, who is essentially a Radical, had to write from a Tory point of view, as happens not infrequently to workers in newspaper-land. At this time he also contributed articles on social and literary topics to the *Morning Post*.

MRS. KENDAL.

MRS. KENDAL, the well-known actress, has said that, in order to become a good actress, one "must have the temper of an angel, the figure of a Greek statue, the face of a goddess, and the skin of a rhinoceros."

MR. FERGUS HUME.

MR. FERGUS HUME, whose stories are continually delighting all classes of readers, is a New Zealander. He practised as a barrister in Dunedin before he came over to this country. In 1887 his first story, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," was published, and a year later, when he arrived in England, he was already a famous man. Mr. Hume is only forty-two years of age.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

FROM the first the Emperor of Japan has been to his people as a father to his children, and in all good works his wife has been a true helpmeet. During the present war she has been at the head of all movements for providing comforts for the troops. She gives her sympathy and labour to the work of the Red Cross Society, making a point of being present at all its general meetings, visiting the hospital, and helping on the work not only by large gifts of money, but by practical business suggestions as to its management. The Imperial Family have, indeed, for many years past given annual sums amounting to £1500 to the hospital and patients, and in the China War the Empress made bandages for the sick and wounded with her own hands. It was a great event in Japan when, for the first time, the Emperor appeared in public accompanied by his wife, both dressed in the costume of Western nations. No ruler of Japan had ever previously conferred such distinction on a wife. It began a new era for the country in the treatment of women.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page.
Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



Balls on the Brain

By MARIE CORELLI.

A new Disease that
Threatens Society.
Hostesses Give Their Guests
a Few Balls and Let Them
Loose like Sheep.

We have enough diseases, Heaven knows! What with innumerable microbes preying on us at every turn, germs waiting to swallow us up, infected houses engulfing us, cow-poisoned milk served at breakfast and tea, and typhoid-breeding oysters at late suppers, it is really a wonder we manage to exist at all.

I do not know how we do it, I am sure! And I am very sorry to be compelled to add another trouble to the general black list, but there really is no use in allowing contagion to spread without giving warning to those who wish to keep sane and well, so I advise everybody to be careful, and to look out for germs of "Balls on the Brain." It is a disease which generally breaks out virulently at country garden-parties.

We know how unkind the intelligent foreigner always is to us, especially when he says that "the English enjoy themselves miserably." Nevertheless, ready as we may be to dispute various rude accusations brought against us by the Intelligent One, I am afraid we must yield to him in this particular.

LUGUBRIOUS GARDEN PARTIES.

English Society functions are unquestionably the most wretched of their class, but chiefest among all the lugubrious, dispiriting methods of taking pleasure is the "garden-party"—the centre of this terrible illness I am speaking about, "Balls on the Brain."

The garden-party is the infection place where one sees one's neighbours at their lowest ebb of sanity. One's ears are compelled, willy-nilly, to collect the worn-out shreds and patches of the most utterly senseless conversation ever perpetrated by decently educated persons. And, worst of all, one is supposed to affect a vital interest in the irresponsible conduct of diseased individuals—by which individuals I mean those who are suffering hopelessly and incurably from "Balls on the Brain."

These persons are dangerous; they are apt to be offended unless you take them seriously, and as if the knocking about of Balls were the chief object and end of existence. If you would stand well with them, you must never look at anything else but Balls; you must regard your host and hostess as though they were Balls, and if there should happen to be cakes in a Ball shape for tea, you will show your discretion and tact by selecting this kind of delicacy in preference to any other.

Sometimes I have wondered whether the two-legged jumpers afflicted by this mania are really human beings, or trained and intelligent apes seized by a craze for Ball-throwing and Ball-knocking. A distinguished friend of mine told me once that though he had "seen service" on many a field of battle, and was not by any means weak or easily unnerved, he found himself always inclined to hysteria at a garden-party. He said that he was moved by two dreadful impulses—one was to burst out laughing immoderately in the face of anyone who happened to be by; the other was to throw himself full length on the ground and weep bitterly.

It was the "Balls," he said, that made him feel so queer. It was the devotion to Balls generally that made him want to cry—it was the running about after Balls on the part of fat as well as lean kine that made him want to laugh. He suffered very much. But since he has found out that he can avoid that part of the garden where the Ball-maniacs are, and can arrive at a garden-party just in time to have tea, and go away immediately after it, he gets on a little better.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE CROQUET GROUND.

There is a man I know who is "quite, quite gone," even as was the mind of Hamlet, to quote the beautiful expression of Ophelia. He knocks Balls about from radiant morn to dewy eve. He began in the cradle by playing with a worsted Ball on a handle, and he has done nothing but play with Balls ever since. I often wonder if he is a disappointment or a pride to his parents. His brain is now a Ball, and he lives up to it.

He plays croquet indefatigably; tennis equally delights him, and he sees nothing else but Ball and bat, Ball and stick, Ball and mallet, in earth or Heaven. He has never done anything for his living, because he was fortunately left "heir" to something or other; so knowing nothing of any real business in life he knocks Balls about.

He has no idea of conversation. He wears a little grin under a little black moustache. He is supposed to be a man, but he has never heard of anything that men have ever done except knocking Balls about. He understands that Mr. Balfour is a golf player, but if you should venture to speak of him as a statesman, he merely treats you to his little grin.

He is a husband and the father of a family. But this is an accident. His real life has nothing whatever to do with either wife or children. He looks upon them smilingly as casualties. What he lives for

and show his little grin. By this faithful description of him it will be seen that he is hopelessly "far gone"—that the new disease has him fatally in its clutches.

"Balls on the brain" is growing apace in England; it claims its victims by the thousand yearly, and if permitted to go on will develop an alarming tendency to woodenise and leatherise the brain itself. This little lunatic I have mentioned consorts by choice with several old ladies who are croquet maniacs. These old ladies—but, no!—I will not—the less said about them the better. I have been taught to respect grey hairs, and I will not blaspheme them, even when they are associated with a Ball, a mallet, and a bad temper. I will close my eyes to the vision which so often scares me, and I will try to hope that I shall find myself one day at a country garden-party where these stout, grave and reverend signoras are not playing their usual game. In the meanwhile—!

THE HOSTESS AND HER HORRORS.

But let us consider the various forms of dullness provided by a thoughtful hostess for her guests where the disease of Balls is claiming its victims. The thoughtful hostess never by any chance credits her several friends with a desire to be made acquainted with each other, and she seldom or never takes the trouble to introduce any one person to his or her neighbour. If she does perform this courtesy, it is by the merest chance, and then, just as the new acquaintances begin to converse, she interrupts their chat by taking off one of them to play with Balls.

She labours under the delusion that it must be a great bore to them to talk—that they would much rather be "amused." But what she means by amusement the gods themselves could not discover. She never imagines for a moment that any one of her friends has intelligence enough to care for an interchange of thought on the questions of the day.

"I hope you like music," she says nervously, as she flutters along by our side on the lawn. "This is the town band!"

Yes, so it is. We do not mind saying that we know it is. We have heard it before.

"Do you play croquet?" is her next question.

"No."

"Tennis?"

"No."

"Do you like 'putting'?"

"No!"

"Oh!" she murmurs, and her poor sheeplike face falls.

"Madam," said a burly, Johnsonian personage once in our hearing on one of these delectable occasions, "Do you know what I do?"

"No, indeed! Do tell me!" murmured the hostess anxiously, craning her neck round in the opposite direction to see if her husband was keeping the "Balls" rolling.

"I use my eyes, my tongue, and my brain!" said the rude guest. "That is all I am good for!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the alarmed lady of the house. "Of course—how strange! I mean—how nice!—yes—excuse me—I have to form a set!"

And away she glided, all toes and nerves.

Alas! we do not often meet burly, Johnsonian personages at country garden-parties. Would there were more of them! To see the invited guests wandering aimlessly about over lawns and terraces, commenting on each other's looks and running down each other's clothes, is a sorry sight. It reminds one irresistibly of a "charity" fête in the grounds of a lunatic asylum, where the patients who are fairly sane are allowed to "walk about."

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

But in the grounds of the lunatic asylum there are strong keepers ever on the watch; and if any one of the poor mad personages should develop a desire to "knock balls about," he or she would be promptly withdrawn from the scene, in case homicidal mania should develop under the influence of the mallet or the stick.

Lunatics are not expected to converse—indeed, it is a matter of stern necessity that they should be kept away from conversation as much as possible and "amused."

Are we, therefore, to draw an inference from this fact that fashionable society in general is insane, or on the verge of insanity? Because most assuredly at garden-parties it is unquestionably the rule to keep people away from conversation altogether.

And if any adventurously-minded person should start a subject of talk, whether concerning government, finance, art, literature, or science, he or she must be prepared to be looked upon as "eccentric, my dear!"—

quite strange, you know! A little mad—reads so much—no social tact whatever!"

A pleasant and highly intellectual clergyman of our acquaintance, whose particular leaning is towards books, and not Balls, was asked to a picnic on one occasion (balls were being played while the hampers were unpacked), and there comported himself as is usual at picnics, quietly making himself generally useful, handing round the plates, pouring out the ginger-beer, boiling the kettle for tea (to be taken on top of the ginger-beer), and getting scarcely anything to eat for himself by way of reward. The worthy "mamma" of the occasion regarded him with bland approval.

"He really is quite sane to-day!" she remarked in a confidential whisper. "As a rule he talks art and literature, and is absolutely mad!"

It is necessary to add that the gentleman in question is a well-known contributor to three or four of the leading London magazines, but the good "mamma" had never heard of any other magazine than the "parish" one, and her knowledge of literature was entirely confined to ladies' penny papers.

SHOULD GUESTS BE TREATED LIKE SHEEP?

Ah, yes—the country is very beautiful!—and it would be still more beautiful and enjoyable if the people who reside in it would take a few lessons in the whole art of entertaining, the grace of conversation, the elegance of good manners.

It is not good manners, for instance, to ask people to your house, and turn them out on the lawn like sheep on a pasture land, there to graze on Balls without end, till the mental digestion revolts at the monotonous fare.

It is unfriendly to invite persons whom you do not introduce to each other. It is downright rude to interrupt a conversation between two persons. It is distinctly objectionable to put your guests round a long table at a sit-down tea, to which you escort them in relays, the last lot being always the most dejected in appearance, because they know that they will be the worst served.

Of course, this sit-down tea is unknown to London hostesses, but it is a common form of repast in the country, and one that with the most good-humoured intentions may be called only doubtfully pleasant. You are placed opposite people you don't know and don't wish to know—they never speak to you, nor you to them, and to anyone possessing a sense of humour it requires a strong effort not to laugh outright at the resolute demeanour of each woman (for there are rarely any men, except cheap curates, who will consent to be wedged in round such a board), who sits sternly watchful of the particular dish opposite to her, and only unbends her Spartan countenance for the purpose of moving her jaws in the act of eating and drinking.

HOW THE WORLD MAY END.

If there is a pretty or a lively woman at such a table, all eyes are averted from her as a "strange" person; and if she slips away quietly and flirts with a stray man round the corner in the next room, who shall blame her?

If there was ever any excuse to set forth for downright wickedness, an English garden-party with Balls in the horizon will amply serve. Everything is so outrageously dull, so full of hopeless boredom, so senseless, so irritating to body and brain. It makes some people feel absolutely reckless, if they have a spark of life or "dash" in them; they long to do something to utterly upset the bovine equanimity of stout county magnates, and rout the self-satisfaction of the persons who play with Ball and mallet, Ball and stick, Ball and racquet.

As for the little man with the little moustache and the little grin, I think he is really in a bad way. I should like him to be prescribed for by some physician skilled in mental ailments before he dies. I can picture him dying and going to Heaven (of course), and when he arrives there asking an indulgent Creator to give him a small planet in the shape of a Ball to play with.

And suppose he should start playing up there, and our world (another Ball) should be hit and suddenly come to an end, we shall know who has done it. The little man with the little black moustache and the little grin!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Nelson Won the Battle of Trafalgar.

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17 Henrietta Street, Lon-

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Twelve parts have already been

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PART MUSIC, and a list of the

titles will be sent post free on

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If you want a paper that stimulates your ambition and spurs you on to success in business, you cannot do better than order SMITH'S WEEKLY to be sent to your home regularly.

My Notebook.

A BROTHER pressman wants me to protest about the modern latchkey. He frequently changes his lodgings, and in his twenty years of press work has carried half a hundredweight of keys of various shapes and sizes. The Yale-lock key is his pet aversion.

I AM sorry for my correspondent, but this is a subject of which I know nothing. I have never carried a latchkey in my life. I have seen other men carry latchkeys and been sorry for them, too. I have seen men move into a new house and receive a small Yale key, and then hold a daylight rehearsal under the supervision of the landlord as to how to open a door with it. I have seen men in the days of the big latchkey that weighed a pound coming home late at night after a heavy day's work, staggering under the weight of it, and hardly able to hold the cumbersome thing or insert it in the lock.

SOME keys have to be put in upside down and twisted round twice; others you have to hammer in with the palm of your hand, and others again you can put in any way you like and the door will open by accident or its own accord at the first or the thirteenth twist. I think, if I carried a latchkey, the keyhole I should object to most would be the one with the slip of brass over it. I never yet found the man who could tell me what this slip of brass was for. It can't be to keep the wind out or prevent dust getting in. It can't be for ornament, and it isn't for use. It's a bother anyway. If your left arm is full of parcels the key, of course, will be in your left pocket. You change over, get the key and change over again, because no man can use a key to open a door with his left hand. Then you find this brass tag is stiff and you have got to put your parcels down on the doorstep to hammer it away, or it is loose and falls every time you try to dodge the key in. Again, I have seen keyholes so big and keys so small that men have put them in and heard them clatter on the tiles indoors. And I have seen other men take a door by the knocker and pull it forward and press the bottom inward with their foot before the key would go in at all. I should think, from what I have seen of keys and keyholes, it would be a pity to altogether suppress them. They afford a good deal of amusement to us when we go home with friends. I suggest to my brother of the pen one good way to avoid them—he might camp out.

A NATURALIST once put thirteen spiders in a bottle. He wanted to see what would happen. There was one big spider and twelve small ones. After a time there was only one spider—at least, one live spider. He was a bit bigger than he was at first. The other twelve spiders were dead. He had sucked them dry. If the twelve small spiders had had the courage to attack the big spider they might have sucked him dry. But they hadn't. His bigness paralyzed them. Such a thing as concerted action wasn't known in the spider world, so these twelve little spiders lost their lives. The naturalist having made his experiment took the big spider out of the bottle, laid him on the floor when he was too gorged to move, and put his foot on him and made a squash of him. That was the end of the thirteen spiders.

I WONDER if it has ever occurred to you that some businesses are run on these lines. In some businesses they take in apprentices. Yes, they "take them in." That is a joke, though I had not intended it. A father will pay \$100 premium for a three or five years' apprenticeship for his son, the premium to be returned in wages. The big human spider says he will teach your son the business, fit him for a commercial career, and return your hundred pounds. Your hundred pounds is returned. Your son gets it in wages during the fifth year of his apprenticeship.

He has served four years for nothing, done most of the drudgery of the office, learnt nothing more than he would had he been an office-boy at six shillings a week, his master has had the use of your money for five years, and the youth is discharged at the end of his time, so they don't think they will be able to make anything of him.

THERE are many cases like this. It is well to beware of them. Some human spiders keep their businesses going purely on the fees from apprentices. If an employer asks a premium, have his character and his business looked into. If it is a small business, have nothing to do with it under any circumstances. If it is a good and a big one, don't sign anything until a solicitor has looked into it on your behalf and advised your acceptance. This is the only way to squash the big human spider who sucks the blood of the parents and the brains and energy of their boy.

I CAME across a young man the other day who had not sense enough, as the saying goes, to come in out of the wet. That is a pity. He is a bright, intelligent

young fellow in many ways. He has had unusual chances put within his grasp. For a time he made good use of them. Then he allowed his inclination to run away with his common sense. He became a "good fellow." He ought to know that he cannot waste his working hours to "treat" his callers at the nearest wine cellar in the pretence of talking over his business there, and that he cannot sit up late at nights abusing his stomach and his brain, without feeling heavy headed next day.

THE young man who gets the sleep his system needs, who is temperate in his habits, lives within his means, and comes up to his work in the morning with a clear eye and active brain—that is the man this country must look to—the man who is being a good employé, and will make a good employer. Out it out of your life, boys. There is a whole lot of nonsense in that "good fellow" business. You cannot fool your neighbours and your friends for long by living beyond your means and keeping up appearances. You must be shown up some time or other, and that means loss of self-respect and many bitter experiences. People will think more of you if you live naturally and learn to say "No," and stick to it. Don't try to live a champagne existence on a pint-of-bitter income.

IN reply to ARKEL. I really do not know when is the best time to give the first kiss to the girl you are engaged to. If I did, I should not tell you. A young man who wants advice of this kind is pretty tame. It was as well you came to me instead of to the girl. She might have told you she did not want to be practised on by an amateur. If you are feeling timid at all, you had better shut your eyes and take your chance in doing it at once. I, personally, would keep my eyes open.

PERHAPS you never heard this story. If not, it is well worth remembering.

A MAN once was walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and the man and the woman reached the junction at the same time and walked on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back, in one hand he held by the leg a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep dark ravine the woman said to the man: "I'm afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." "If you were afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman, "but if you should stick your cane in the ground, and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of such expedients," and when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane in the ground and tied his goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying, "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulder, imprisoned the chicken under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

I SHOULD like to draw attention to an article of more than passing interest in this week's *Smith's Weekly*, entitled "Get On, or Get Out." It applies to the man who is not making enough of his possibilities in business.

THIS country is full of earnest, loving fathers and mothers who are very solicitous of their children. A little child is the sweetest thing God made. Being a gift from God, it is right that fathers and mothers should worship it. The gift given, it is then the duty of the father and the mother to treasure it. Some do. Some do not. Some get tired of the new toy, particularly when these Divine gifts are showered upon them freely. They do not treasure them then as they did at the beginning. They think they do, of course. They would bitterly resent any imputation against their care and consideration.

WITH the latest gift just given, the earlier ones become a little bit of a burden—not a nuisance, mind you—they are just in the way. The poor, tired, distracted mother sends them to school. You must not blame the mother. The children may not learn much, but the mother knowing they are in safe hands has something less to worry about—something less to do. She gets a little more peace and rest. She has time to play with and fondle the new toy and sit it for the time when it, too, shall go to school. But yet she has a loving and a longing eye on the other toys she can only fondle for a brief and anxious space.

I THINK a mother's work must be pretty hard. You see, she has so much to do in playing with these toys that God has given her. That is, of course, if she is a good mother—the mother that I like to think she is, the mother that looks for fun in her playthings, and gets only toil and anxiety. Her work is never done. Her mind is never at rest. She sleeps with one eye open and both ears cocked. Some women work with body, soul, and brain for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. That is foolish woman's way. Give her a human toy, a sobbing, noise-creating baby, and she wears herself to a rag-clothed bone in her glory of, and devotion to, it.

AND the man, and the father! What of him?

SUPPOSE I skip a few years, and talk to him about his little girl of twelve. She gets to school at 9. She leaves at 12.30, and is back at 2. She leaves again at 4.30, and has home lessons that will keep her busy from 6 to 7. Suppose I talk to him a little more plainly—talk to him by way of illustration, and give him his own work, and his child's work in parallel columns.

THE MAN'S WORK.

9 to 1

2 to 6

Total, 8 Hours.

THE CHILD'S WORK.

9 to 12.30

2 to 4.30

6 to 7 { Home Lessons

Total, 7 Hours.

You get, then, a man in the prime of life doing eight hours' work a day; a child in the prime of childhood doing seven hours' work a day. One gets paid for its work; the other doesn't. But that doesn't matter. It won't affect the argument I shall make presently. And it will be a pretty hot and bitter argument. It is an argument about the carelessness and the stupidity of the man and the father. He pays for the tuition of his child. He has a right to see that that tuition is reasonable and humanely given. If he will not protest against the infliction of overmuch home lessons he might at least protest against the cruelty of the mid-summer examinations. The way exams. have been conducted within the last few weeks of sweltering heat is inhuman. Instead of devoting seven or eight hours each day to filling a young child's mind with so-called knowledge which it cannot digest, our school system should try to make the child's school day a happy day. The father should insist that this be done.

WITHIN the past week or two I have seen little children come home exhausted in mind and body. For six or twelve days they have been passing through those appalling examinations. In the evenings at home, when schooling is supposed to be done for the day, an already exhausting day mentally and physically, they are "refreshing" themselves over forty pages of history, forty pages of geography, ten of grammar, ten of French, not knowing what they will be called upon to do on the morrow.

A CHILD has its pride. It wants to "pass." It wants to be top of its class, if possible. It wants to please its father and its mother, its mistress or its master. It dreads failure. It dreads reproach.

A HAPPY child, interested and pleased in its work, and fond of its teachers, learns far more easily than a child depressed with hostile tasks and made nervous by enforced confinement. No child learns easily or remembers permanently the lessons which become distasteful or are crammed into it.

WHAT are you going to do about it, you fathers? Are you going to see your child come home each evening during this examination period, nervously distraught, dreading to be sent to bed until it has crammed pages and pages of doubtful knowledge into its crowded and overloaded little brain, and hear it start up in its restless sleep repeating bits of to-morrow's essays? What sort of a man are you to allow this to go on? Don't tell me you can't stop it. You can. You pay for it. You are paying to cripple your child, mentally and physically and morally, under this brutal system. You are buying the hollow eyes, the wasted cheeks, the tired brain, the exhausted body these little children have brought home to you daily this last fortnight. And you have to rush them to the bedside to pull them together again. Why don't you insist that these exams. should be spread over a term—say one every other week? If these exams. are any good, and I have doubts about it, they can be held any time. It isn't what a child has learnt at the end of a term that counts. What it knows altogether does.

THAT is your duty to this gift that God has given you. You have to bring happiness and health into the child's life as well as education, and under this cruel system of accumulated examinations during a few brief days a child has neither health nor happiness. I ask you again, What are you going to do about it?

PETER KIRBY (Mr. Notebook).



Concerning a Collar Stud.

By MISS
LESLIE MOORE.

WHEN Dick Ainsworth's back collar stud slipped from his fingers and disappeared behind a huge and immovable mahogany wardrobe, he was merely annoyed; but when he discovered that his man had omitted to put any others into his portmanteau, he gave vent to his feelings in true British fashion.

This relieving him somewhat, he armed himself with the poker and made sundry lunges behind the wardrobe, but with no result.

He swore softly, casting a frantic glance at his watch, and then proceeded to search for a bell. But there was none to be seen.

He had not the smallest notion in which direction his host's room was situated, and time was flying. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to finish his toilet with a fervent prayer that his collar would not suddenly fly up and hit the back of his head before the evening was over—a prayer he hardly expected to be granted.

The gong sounded, and, anathematising his man, collar studs, and the world in general, he descended to the drawing-room.

There were a few other guests present besides the house party, and Dick found himself escorting a girl to the dining-room whom he had not noticed among the company on his arrival earlier in the evening.

He had a kind of hazy notion that she was pretty, but his recent troubles were too fresh in his mind for him to pay much attention to her.

He ate up his soup in solemn and moody silence, while the fish course and the entrées proceeded in much the same fashion. They had nearly reached dessert when the girl spoke:

"I wonder if you are aware that you have not addressed a single remark to me since our introduction?"

Dick started. He could not turn his head with ease, for fear of the consequences, but he glanced at her out of the corner of his eye.

"If you knew what was on my mind, you would not be surprised," he returned gloomily.

"Tell me," she responded, "for I confess that at present your behaviour does surprise me."

"There is no stud at the back of my collar," replied Dick in sepulchral tones.

The girl laughed, a soft, musical laugh.

"Oh, you poor man, I do sympathise. No wonder you are silent and sad. Couldn't you have got one lent you?"

"There was no bell in my room, and no time to go on a search."

"When I am married," said the girl reflectively, "I will have a tray of studs in every man's room. Fancy if we were left without pincushions."

"Will you ask me to stay with you?" demanded Dick. He was forgetting the collar stud.

"Certainly," she responded; "but I fear you will have to wait."

Dick wondered whether she was engaged, and longed to find out.

"When I return the invitation," he replied, "you shall have two pincushions in your room."

The girl's thoughts were now in the same direction as Dick's had been.

"Is she dark or fair?" she demanded.

"Fair," responded Dick, with a glance at the girl and a quick mental resolve.

"Pretty?" asked the girl.

"Lovely," replied Dick with fervour.

"Tell me her front name," said the girl.

Dick laughed. The situation pleased him.

"You shall guess," he replied.

"I cannot," she answered. Her hands were in her lap, and she was toying with a tiny lace handkerchief.

Dick's eagle eye fell upon it. In the corner was a small embroidered "Y."

"Now, in the name of all that's wonderful," mused Dick, "what earthly name begins with that letter?"

A sudden inspiration dawned upon him, and he drew his bow at a venture.

"Her name," said Dick softly, "is Yvonne."

"Yvonne," repeated the girl, with a curious intonation in her voice. "You like the name?"

"I love it," replied Dick.

"Ah!" said the girl gently, and there was a silence.

A moment later the hostess gave the signal and the ladies rose.

On their departure Dick made his request known to his host, and was soon his calm, imperturbable self once more.

"Say, Fred," he demanded of the man next him, "who was the girl I took in? I didn't catch her name."

"Miss Yvonne O'Hea," responded the man addressed. "I'd bet she's had more proposals than any girl in the United Kingdom, and has refused them all."

"Then she isn't engaged?" asked Dick carelessly.

"No, dear fellow. So if you've any feeling that way, go in and—you won't win."

"Thanks," replied Dick calmly. "If I go in, I shall win."

"Then stay out," was the solemn rejoinder.

When the men ascended to the drawing-room Dick's eyes wandered immediately in search of the girl.

He was not long in finding her, and established himself on a lounge beside her with calm self-possession.

"So your need has been supplied," laughed the girl.

"Certainly," he responded. "But how did you know?"

"You have lost that former air of diffidence, which I am convinced was foreign to your nature," she smiled.

"You wrong me, Miss O'Hea," he replied gravely. "I am the most diffident of men."

"I should hardly have realised it," she answered.

"Shyness, reticence, and diffidence, Miss O'Hea," said Dick, "are distinctly masculine virtues. No doubt that accounts for your difficulty in recognising them."

"Do you also count politeness among the virtues?" she demanded.

"Certainly," responded Dick airily, though for a moment he was nonplussed.

"Of a masculine type, I suppose," said the girl reflectively, "and that is the reason I did not recognise it."

"I apologise," said Dick. "The joy of recovering a stud had gone to my head."

The girl laughed, and a song from a well-known soprano came as a welcome interruption for the moment.

On its conclusion Dick spoke.

"I count on your good wishes for my wooing," he said suddenly.

"Oh!" said the girl, surprised. "I thought it was settled."

"No," said Dick gravely; "I doubt if she even knows of my attachment."

"Why don't you tell her?" asked the girl.

"There are many reasons," said Dick. "One is that she doesn't know me very well."

"How, then, do you know her?"

"I am a student of human nature," responded Dick. "Besides, it was a case of love at first sight."

"Ah!" The girl's voice was reflective.

"You don't believe in it!" asked Dick.

"A girl is not permitted data by which to judge."

"I suppose not," replied Dick; "but if she were?"

"It might be possible," she said, unfurling her fan.

"Should you think a girl would be angry if she knew?" asked Dick.

"Certainly not," replied the girl. "After all, it is a compliment."

"Well," said Dick, very gently, "you are, Yvonne."

Mrs. Ainsworth has insisted on having boxes of studs in the rooms of all her male visitors, though Dick has demurred, as he says he would like to give all his guests a chance of winning as charming a wife as his own.

Yvonne, however, thinks it is not necessary to involve the loss of a collar stud in order to bring this to pass, for, as she invariably points out, all men are not as diffident as Dick.

THE PALACE OF DREAMS.

Away o'er the tide where shadows lie deep,
When day has gone by and the world is asleep:
There's a kingdom afar, where fairy light gleams
On a wonderful palace, the Palace of Dreams.
No shadow within it of sorrow or care,
But brightness and gladness and radiance fair—
Laughter and music and happiest song,
In the Palace of Dreams, where the memories throng.
From out of the strife and labour of day
We speed in our dreams to that land far away,
Where toil is forgotten and paradise seems,
Where memory dwells in the Palace of Dreams.
No striving or toiling, no sorrow or pain;
But lifting of shadow, like sun after rain:
And fain would we rest, when life's burden is o'er,
In that Palace of Dreams, Evermore, evermore.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE F.A.F.

No. 4.—Arthur Henry Anderson (the Great
Authority on Social Problems).

I AM heartily glad of an opportunity to say a word for the Fresh Air Fund. It is a charity—if, indeed, it be not rather an act of elementary justice—without a single disadvantage.

Those who ask for funds come with clean hands. There is no costly management, no heavy salary list. Every penny goes straight from the giver to the accomplishment of a beneficent purpose.

But, good as is the management, the object is even better. To give a slum-child a breath of country air, to open his eyes to the wonders of country life, to minister to national well-being, to counteract city evils, to stimulate the observative faculties. No nation can hope to prosper wholly that loses its hold upon nature, and it is the gravest ill of city life that thousands never experience the sanative properties or feel the mental stimulus of the country.

But, after all, the greatest reason for supporting the Fresh Air Fund is not that good may come to the nation or that evils may be averted. It is that the children are children. If slum life is hard, how much harder for them, flung into its evils without choice or relief—children for whom life should be happy, free, and gay. Because they are children let them have, for one day at least—it is little enough—the unchequered happiness that is the lawful lot of all the little ones. I believe that your readers can give to no better cause, and it will surely sweeten their own holidays to know that they have done something for the little ones of the crowded slums.

Arthur Anderson

ARE EXAMINATIONS WORTHLESS?

They Fall Altogether in Forecasting a Young Man's
Success in After Years.

To put his foot on the lowest rung in many professions a young man must first of all pass examinations. It is so in the legal and medical professions; it is so in the Church, the Army, the Navy; it is so in most banking and insurance houses; and it is so in all the many branches of the Civil Service.

A large number of diverse subjects are put before the aspirant with the view of discovering the extent of his knowledge; but though he may gain the required percentage of points in most of the subjects, should he be unsuccessful in only one he will be marked a failure. That, at any rate, is the case in the Civil Service.

It would be thought that this elaborate system of examination—due to the ingenuity of examiners and the diverseness of subject—of young men just out of their teens, physically and mentally at their best, would be absolutely perfect. Could any better means be possibly devised for singling out the young men of promise, the men who in the course of time will make their mark in the profession they have chosen, the men who will rise to fame and fortune?

To tell the cold, hard truth, the examination system is a lottery, a make-believe, an absurdity. It is no real test of merit. With thousands of men the success they won in the examination hall is practically the only success they gained in life.

It is not the men who passed with the most brilliant success whose names become famous in after-life, but rather those who just creep in with a mark or two on their examination papers to spare.

For one thing, his success in an examination depends very largely upon a man's mood. If he has a headache or any slight ailment—generally brought about by the anxiety and worry of the impending examination—it will seriously affect his work. It is impossible for him to put forward his best efforts.

Again, it is an acknowledged fact that the most brilliant scholars are men full of nerves, extremely sensitive, imaginative, and highly strung.

The excitement of the examination hall, the fact of its great importance to their careers, so plays upon their nervous system that they fail utterly in all attempts to concentrate their minds on the task in hand. Frequently, the last man on the list is more fitted to occupy the coveted post than the fortunate winner, and if the examination had been conducted in surroundings that suited him he would have proved it.

There is a great deal more in this than is imagined. For thousands of capable men are annually rejected because of sheer nervousness alone.

The element of luck also plays an important part in examinations. How often an aspirant has devoted considerable time to certain subjects—say, for example, history and literature—and has hurriedly gone through other subjects—say, French and chemistry—very probably, too, at the advice of his tutor.

Yet on the morning of the examination he makes the fearful discovery that history and literature are scarcely touched upon, while the questions set for French and chemistry are both difficult and numerous. The man who has struck lucky in his choice of studies will secure a place, though, as a matter of fact, he may not be really so good an all-round scholar as several of the failing candidates.

Then as to cramming. Everyone knows that the person so constituted with a memory capable of retaining freakish facts and of storing information for a few days only always flies to the top of the examination list. To such the examination hall has no terrors.

Yet with nine out of every ten of such fortunate students, if they were set the same examination a week later, they would fail ignominiously. The examination system is bad so long as it allows "crammers" to have the advantage of the average candidate.

Yet another fault to be found with examinations is that the subjects by which the candidate's knowledge is tested, are of practically no use to him in his professional career.

Particularly is this so in the Civil Service. Questions are asked in science and languages which are only inserted to make the examination more difficult and to provide the examiners with a means of discriminating among the competitors. Once a young fellow obtains a post in most of the departments of the Civil Service, he has no need to remember a tenth part of what he has learned. His knowledge is never again tested, and, indeed, he has no further use for it.

Taken altogether, the examination system is unsound and unsatisfactory. It fails entirely in finding the men it is intended to find, and it is no good whatsoever as a forecaster of a man's success in after life.

A new system, or a drastic revision of the old one, is necessary for the welfare both of professions and of those desirous of entering them. And it must not be forgotten that upon this unsatisfactory testing, as regards the Civil Service, a department binds itself to pay out thousands of pounds to the successful candidate during the course of his lifetime who may or may not be deserving of it.

[This article has been submitted to a number of well-known authorities, whose opinions on the subject will appear next Friday.]

There are no expenses in connection with the management of the F.A.F. Every penny goes to the children, and none goes to pay for one day's outing for a slum child. Address subscriptions to the Hon. Sec. F.A.F., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



Where Holidays are Wasted
and Health is Impaired.

Some Novel Holiday Ideas.

Why not Give the Seaside a Rest?

Try the Dickens Country for a Change.

THERE would be far fewer wasted holidays if there were fewer popular seaside holiday resorts. Who will deny that a very large proportion of our holidays are wasted?

It is no uncommon thing to hear people, especially young people, declare that they had only a fairly good time at Brighton, or Ramsmouth, or Eastgate, and to go on to say that they were tired of "that sort of place."

And yet next year, and for many years, they will return to one or other of these places, with exactly similar results.

Why does all this waste of precious holiday time go on? And how could it be prevented? Surely these two important questions are well worth considering in view of the return of the holiday season!

What are the objects of a holiday? Chiefly they are—change of air, change of scene, change of every-day companions, change of occupation, bringing with it rest from our daily work, and a thorough rest from all exhausting duties.

IGNORANCE OF GEOGRAPHY.

The manner in which we set about achieving these important objects convicts us either of great ignorance of geography and of our native land in general, or else it proves that we are totally destitute of initiative. Either fault is bad enough, but the evidence points to one or the other.

What, then, is our method of arranging our holiday? Do we not pass in review through our minds the dozen or so watering-places that we know by repute or otherwise, and then, without reasons for our choice, fix upon one of them as "the place I'm going to"?

It is just this fixing of a place that leads to all the mischief.

There is an old saying to the effect that our system of railways spreads like a network all over the land and penetrates into every corner.

Now, we have swallowed this idea without question, and we have allowed ourselves to believe that all the best and most beautiful spots are at one end of some railway of which the other end is in London.

The consequence is we start for our fortnight's "rest" for some thronged and soulless resort.

If there is one enemy that we should escape on our annual holiday it is monotony, but, strange to say, the vast majority of holiday-makers run right into his arms, as it were, by going to one of these popular resorts.

MONOTONY BY THE SEA.

Now, of all places these seaside resorts are the most monotonous. When you have seen one you have seen them all. Each has its "front," with its asphalted walk and electric lights, and bathing machines and pier, with the inevitable band. Each has its theatre, its boarding-houses, its expensive and shabby old conveyances, its sands and its niggers. They are all so monotonously alike that their sole differences lie in their names.

Having made a round of the sights by day, and the places of entertainment by night, all of which can be accomplished in twenty-four hours, the only thing remaining to be done is—the same thing over again.

From hour to hour we suffer from having little or nothing to do; and then what wonder if we fly to smoke, to say nothing of drink, in sheer desperation and weariness!

So the days drag on. We eat and drink and lounge, mere items in the multitude of others similarly afflicted.

We have, in fact, run away from the city, but have only succeeded in reproducing many of the worst conditions and accentuating many of the worst habits from which it was our object to escape.

THE JOYFUL RETURN FROM THE SEASIDE.

Is it surprising that we hail with joy the day of our return? Or is it surprising that we find our holiday has tired us out, and that we are physically and mentally slacker and flabbier than we were before it began?

True, we have been breathing pure air; we have done nothing to tax us either mentally or physically; we have done "just as we like."

But we have done ourselves more harm than good, for idleness, and the indulgence of such habits as excessive smoking, for instance, more than outbalance any benefits received.

Lack of lasting interest or true amusement is the worst fault of the popular seaside resort. In the heat of the city they may appear paradises indeed; but there is another side to their "attractions" which is not shown on the flattering posters of interested railway companies.

The writer has tried the holidays he here recommends and briefly describes, and is quite prepared,

be specially recommended. It is astonishing what fascinating documents these are, and what stores of inexhaustible interest are to be found in them if only you know how to read them aright.

For years it has been the writer's rule when going a journey to buy as part of his railway literature a good, handy map of the district his train would traverse, and one magazine—PEARSON'S for preference—instead of two magazines.

In this way he has discovered many of Britain's unexplored playgrounds, and has formed acquaintance with an extraordinary richness and variety of British scenery for which he had never previously given credit to his native land.

For the naturalist, for the more or less desultory rambler, for the antiquary, the geologist, the pedestrian, the camper-out, the caravan-dweller, the fisherman, and even for the genuine enthusiastic explorer, there are virgin fields, hills, and streams even now in these lovely islands.

Choose your district, buy a reliable guide-book, seek out your headquarters in the centre of your area (take time and trouble beforehand over this matter), and, by a series of easy, varied, cheap, and healthy excursions you will learn much of your country and add health and enjoyment to your knowledge.

The character of your hobby will, of course, determine the district which you will traverse, but most counties have districts which are of sufficient general interest to merit a visit.

THE CLAIMS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

As a help in deciding where such a holiday should be spent, it is worth while inquiring whether your favourite author had not some "country" which he or she had made his or her own by right of fiction.

The Hardy country, the Brontë country, the Ingoldsby country, George Eliot's country, Kingsley's country, Blackmore's country, the various Dickens' countries, Tennyson's country, Thackeray's country, and, of course, Shakespeare's country, rise at once in the memory, and are suggestive of several of the most fascinating parts of England.

Or if the claims of fiction do not attract you, there are other fields that doubtless will do so.

Take English history, for example. Are there not many parts of the country that are, without exaggeration, crowded with historical associations, both ancient and modern?

Battlefields, the scenes of tragedies and plots, great houses, historical mansions, ancient and legend-laden buildings, lie thickly about the land and afford interest for many a holiday.

TRULY RURAL DELIGHTS.

Or, if none of these attract, then surely the excitement and expectation of exploration will find your weak spot. Take some county, some corner of a country that you do not know, and with map in hand go forth and explore.

Each turn of the road will bring fresh interest, every step will be new ground broken, new impressions received.

Not the least fascinating form of home exploration is to trace some river to its source. In this way you will be taken right off the beaten track, and your view of the land will be from novel points and under every sort of curious circumstance.

Any and every form of holiday is, better than the everlasting listless waste of precious days at those monotonous and deadening places called seaside resorts.

A SPELLING CONTEST.

BROWN (to Sharpe, who prides himself on his spelling): "I bet I can give you a word you can't spell."

Sharpe (scornfully): "I bet you can't."

Brown: "Very well. How do you spell 'need,' meaning to need bread?"

Sharpe: "Poof! K-n-e-a-d, of course."

Brown: "Wrong."

Sharpe: "Wrong! Meaning to knead bread, you said, didn't you?"

Brown: "Yes."

Sharpe: "Well, it's k-n-e-a-d, I tell you."

Brown: "Not at all. You k-n-e-a-d dough, but you n-e-e-d bread. It's a simple word; sorry you couldn't spell it."

LADY: "What! you've just come out of prison? I wonder you are not ashamed to own it!"

NE'er-do-Well: "I don't own it, lady—wish I did. I was only a lodger."

MOUNTAINS THAT MAKE DRUNKARDS.

Springs that Mend Broken Hearts and Lakes that Manufacture Balloons.

HINTER MOUNTAIN, in the Fort Davis region of Western Texas, appears to be a most peculiar structure. This gigantic mass emits vapours that intoxicate the adventurers who climb to its summit.

When half way up the mountain the climber becomes conscious of a perfume like strong ozone, and this perfume is no less deadly in its effect than the intoxicating constituents of alcoholic drinks. No sooner has the climber reached the top than he staggers, and finally falls in a stupor on the rocks.

Men who have climbed the mountain once are said to have returned again and again to enjoy the sensation.

A mountain at Singaung, in Upper Burmah, is entirely covered with great blocks of iron ore. Dr. Noetling, of the Geological Survey of India, discovered that the mountain was magnetic, the tremendous attraction rendering his compass and watch useless.

There are undoubtedly a large number of people in the world suffering from the pangs of unrequited love, and to these unfortunate persons it will be interesting to know that Dr. Martinez Reguera, of Spain, has discovered a spring the waters of which will cure cases arising from hopeless tender passions.

This extraordinary spring is situated at Alanje, and the lovesick lass or lad who walks into it is said to become wildly hilarious.

A spring was recently discovered by an American medico in Mexico which will cure those persons who are addicted to drink. The doctor declares that he cured a man who drank nothing but whisky for twenty years of his craving for alcohol by the outward and inward application of the spring waters.

There appears to be but one objection to this rapid cure. The majority of men and women who are fond of strong drinks do not care to have their passions removed by philtres or douching.

The bark of the upas-tree of Java is over an inch thick, and full of a strong juice, the merest touch of which upon the skin produces a most painful and irritating rash.

The Java natives use this juice for getting rid of their enemies. To satisfy a private revenge they hide a bowl of it in the room of a sleeper, and by the morning the victim has succumbed to its evil effects. The fluid gives off a most poisonous gas, which produces stupor and finally death.

The "Home of the Hot Devils" is an island of fire situated in the centre of a huge lake of boiling mud and slime in Java.

Gases arise from the lower depths and form enormous bubbles in the sticky mud, which grow and increase until they attain a diameter of five or six feet. These bubbles are often carried skywards by the wind, where they finally burst with a loud explosion.

The biggest snow lake was seen by Sir Martin Conway, who explored the Karakoram range of mountains in 1892. From the summit of Hispar Pass, which he traversed for the first time on record, he looked upon a vast level lake of snow, over 300 square miles in area, surrounded by innumerable giant peaks.

The Sea of Ice, near Chamouni, in Savoy, Switzerland, is more like a lake of snow than anything else. The surface of the ice is broken up by solar heat, and this minute fissuring gives it the appearance of snow, and it is often mistaken for such by tourists.

The finest milk-white lake in the world was discovered by Herr Thoroddsen in Iceland, who christened it the Langisjor. It stretches from the margin of the mighty glacier which forms the western side of the Vatnajokull, and the glacier water of which it is composed is of a pure milky-white colour.

A similar lake, but on a smaller scale, is situated about thirty miles from Tauranga, in New Zealand.

So far only one stone has been discovered in the world which actually foretells changes in the weather, and it was found in Finland many years ago by an explorer.

This stone, which is known as the semakur, is mottled with white spots, but just before an approaching rain-storm it turns absolutely black.

The semakur is composed of clay, rock-salt, and nitre. When the atmosphere is dry the salt in the stone shows itself in spots of white on the surface, but when rain is expected the salt, absorbing the moisture, turns black, and thus acts as a barometer.

Stones that travel are to be found in large quantities in Australia and Nevada. They are composed of magnetic ore, are as large as walnuts and as hard as iron.

They lie huddled in bunches on the rocks like eggs in a nest, and cannot easily be pulled apart.

In Nevada the magnetic stones can often be found at the bottom of little basins of a foot or so across, and a few are as much as eight inches in diameter. The majority of them, however, are no larger than walnuts.

If a dozen of these stones are distributed about upon a smooth surface, two or three feet apart, they immediately travel towards a common centre, where they will remain unless a larger stone of more magnetic power is placed near them. In this case they will be drawn in a body to the big stone.

WHITE BRIDALS.

By ELLIS CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER ONE.

"Money, money, it's money I want."

"MARRIED you for your money! Why not? Why should a woman like me marry a man like you, if not for his money? And now that you prove to have none, who is the injured party? Tell me that, Mr. Geoffrey Berris."

"For Heaven's sake, Alicia"—the man rose from his seat in uncontrollable agitation—"let us be careful what we are saying! It is at moments like these—"

She broke in passionately: "Yes; it is at moments like these the truth comes out, and the truth is you and I care no more for each other than we do for the passers-by in the street—less," she added, with a bitter laugh, "for they do offer possibilities! We know each other's limits; at least, I do yours. The same way you take it! Ah, bah, you and your self-control. It sickens me—"

"Don't goad me beyond it!" cried the man, turning on her. "What stuff do you think I'm made of? How much longer do you think I can bear this?"

"How much longer? End it!" cried the woman. "I want money, money, money!" She struck the table furiously. "I married you because I thought you had it—"

"Wait—wait a moment," struck in Berris, a little breathless, leaning towards her. "You married me because I was a fool who believed you. What you had found out beforehand about my affairs was not of my telling. When I married you I was Sir William Markwell's heir, and lived on his allowance; but if you'd only been as frank with me when we met as you have been since, if you had only told me then it was for the prospect of his money you threw yourself on my protection—"

"You'd have tumbled me out on the veldt with a twenty-pound note," mocked the woman. "Don't talk so senselessly, Geoffrey."

"The veldt! I wonder you can speak of it." Berris's lips were white. "If it had been in the streets of Paris or outside one of the flares of Piccadilly, I could have better understood your tricking me; but not out there, under the open sky, out there near such piles of dead. You swore to me you were at the mercy of a villain, who was ruining your life, cutting the ground from under you every step you took; you swore to me what was not true, and threw yourself upon the mercy of a man who had no alternative but to marry you or to abandon you to the chances of the streets. You—a woman alone—"

"Exactly! And I did the only thing left to me, and, as it turns out, I'm very sorry I gave you the trouble." He turned sharply away. "Is that how you can speak of it?"

"Oh, you make a great deal of it, don't you?" she cried; "but what was it you did do? You were amusing yourself in South Africa at the time of the war. I was in South Africa, not amusing myself—a wretched woman, friendless and penniless, who'd been driven from place to place by a ruffian. Do you remember that night in the café at Johannesburg? Was it I who looked at you? Your eyes never left me the whole evening. Oh, what's the use of quoting two years ago?" she cried. "You did marry me. I am your wife, and if I married you for the sake of escaping from a wretched life, what did you marry me for? Not for love? You can't throw stones. I don't imagine you know what love is."

"No," said Geoffrey in a strained voice; "about as much as you do."

"I was fond of you!" cried the woman fiercely. "I would have worshipped you, only you always treated me as if I were the dirt beneath your feet."

"It is not true, Alicia."

"It is. We have been back in England six months. We've been married two years. How many of your friends do I know? Not one!"

"I can't afford any friends."

"Because of me?"

"Because of my changed prospects."

"Bah!" She snapped her fingers. "Your prospects had not changed in Africa. You were still Sir William's heir. You never breathed our marriage to a soul. It was to be kept a secret—it is a secret still. All the nine months we were abroad you thought yourself Sir William's

heir. Yet we lived in holes and corners. And now that you find yourself not Sir William's heir, dispossessed by some miserable girl who is humpbacked or crippled or blind or—"

She stopped, quelled against her will by the fierce look her husband turned on her; but he spoke quietly.

"Miss Merrion is none of these," he said, "as you know."

Alicia's eyes flashed. "Ah! Now we're self-controlled again!" she cried tauntingly. "The moment Miss Merrion is mentioned I am made to feel the difference between the way my gentleman thinks of the plebeian who is his wife and the girl who ought to have been. Why didn't you marry her?"

"That has nothing to do between you and me."

"Hasn't it, really? Of course not! I've no sense of anything. It's not to trouble me, who am your wife, that the moment that chit who has cut you out of every farthing is mentioned, you—"

"Don't!" Berris's voice rose. "Don't! I warn you—"

"There you are, you see," she taunted, "almost ready to slay me just because her name comes up. What was she to you? If she ever cared for you a rap, she'll give you up the half. She's stolen it from you."

"Listen to me, Alicia," said Geoffrey, struggling for control. "We've been over this before—once, twice, thrice. We only madden each other with it. My uncle brought me up as his heir; then, without a word of warning, dies, and leaves me three hundred a year. All the talk in the world won't alter it. He wasn't insane; the will is in perfect order; he had a right to do what he liked with his own. It was rough on me; it's rough on you; but where is the gain of kicking ourselves against the pricks. I've no shadow of a redress. Three hundred a year. We can take it or leave it. Miss Merrion has no more to do with it than you have. He left her everything."

"Three hundred a year!" Alicia repeated the words, laughed, and shivered. She looked from the window into the dreary street, looked round the room, gathered about her the morning wrap she wore, and seated herself by the fire.

Her wrap was white, trimmed with fur and extravagantly expensive; it revealed petticoats of lace; her silk stockings were very fine; finely-jewelled combs were in her hair—dark hair, very exquisitely arranged to crown a face and neck of the Spanish type, broad at the temples, and sensuous about the chin and lips.

"Three hundred a year!" said Alicia, and she lifted her arm and let the loose sleeve fall back, showing its beauty.

"Three hundred a year," she mocked, "and that girl just out of her teens has five times as many thousands. Three hundred a year—"

She threw her arms out and raved, choking with tearless sobs of impotent fury. He longed to rush from the room and the house. Since it could not be for ever, he might as well see this scene through. If not this then it would be another, and she was right—something had to be done.

"Alicia," he said after a while, "don't give way like that. You drive me beside myself. Something must be arranged. We are not in want—yet. I shall have to borrow some money somewhere, I suppose. I have made a try at it already, the other day—but the man I spoke to seemed inspired with nothing save surprise. Certainly I haven't seen him for a long time. I must try again. And, meanwhile, can't we approach this subject decently, you and I? I want to do my best. This abuse leads nowhere. I must hunt up some sort of an appointment, and if you can manage here—"

"Here!" She started up. "Here! In this wretched little semi-furnished house, poked away in a back street—"

"Hush!" cried her husband bitterly. "Here's someone knocking on the door, too frightened by our fighting to come in."

It was the maidservant with a note.

"Brought by hand, sir," said the girl. "I was just coming in at the gate and met the messenger. Will you sign, please, sir. Thank you." And she withdrew, with a comprehensive glance towards her mistress's flushed face.

Berris stood struck, turning the letter over in his hands. He did not know the writing; yet there was something about it—it was scented with lilac? He thought of lilac trees and Leila Merrion. He stood, turning the letter over, his heart-beats quickening. Then he broke the seal. There was something inclosed, but he drew out first a letter. "Ah," he said, moistening his lips, "from the solicitor I spoke to about the loan. He said he might write—"

"He seems to have sent you something," said Alicia. There was a long silence. Then Geoffrey looked up from the page, open in his hand.

"Yes—he sends a letter from Miss Merrion—"

"Miss Merrion?"

"Give me a moment—just a moment," he broke in huskily.

"Oh! by all means," she said coldly, and moved to the window.

A sound from her husband—an uncontrollable sound—made her look round. The letters had fallen from his grasp upon the table.

"What on earth is it?" she cried.

"She is dying," said the man.

"Dying, Miss Merrion—"

He turned away sharply, and, clutching the mantelpiece, dropped his head upon his arms. The letters lay where he had dropped them.

"You did care for her?" said Alicia. "Why didn't you marry her?"

"A misunderstanding—nothing. Leave me alone a minute—I—"

She laughed below her breath spitefully. "May I read her letter?"

He made no answer.

She picked up both letters, the solicitor's and the one inclosed, and greedily devoured them. "She doesn't know you're married—"

she cried, throwing back her head, astonished.

"How should she—Alicia, leave it alone—I—"

"Leave it alone? Don't you see what she has written? She's dying, Geoffrey. Did you read this—do you gather what it means? Don't stand there like that." She began to read from the girl's letter aloud. "I have heard of you at last—only by chance. Could you not have written? Should you not? They tell me that I am dying, Geoffrey, and so I take it upon me to do a strange thing. I am dying, and possessed of all Sir William's wealth, which should have been yours. It was not my fault that it came to me, and I am soon surrendering it. Geoffrey, if I marry, I may leave this money to whom I please. You know that if I die unmarried it must go to charities. How I wish I could leave it to you. Will you come to me? Can you? To see me and put your hands in mine for the last time—"

"Geoffrey"—the woman could scarcely speak, scarcely force the words from her lips, dry with sudden, mad excitement—"here is a chance! Dying! And she wants to marry you. How much money had he? Half a million, wasn't it? Half a million! And it's to be yours, after all! She is dying and she wants to marry you."

"For mercy's sake, stop! Think what you're saying!" And Berris turned his white, working face. "You should not have seen that letter. I—"

"Ah! But I have seen it," she retorted. She threw herself between him and the door, to which he was moving desperately. "Geoffrey, we must have money. You must take this chance. Don't you see that it offers you a chance? Not a soul knows we are married. Turn that to account for another day or two and the thing will be done. She wishes to marry you—a dying woman—the doctor's letter says so—and the money is yours and mine—"

She paused breathless, panting. Geoffrey stared at her. He didn't quite know what she said. "The girl will be dead"—he heard that. "I am dying." It was Leila's voice. He heard that, too, and seemed to be under lilac trees, and Leila within his arms, her face—deathlike—against his heart. The room went round with him. "I am dying. Come to me."

He moved again to put the woman aside and get to the door.

A double knock and ring reverberated through the quiet house.

"A telegram!" cried Alicia, and her hand went to her throat. "Ah, perhaps to say it is all too late. Oh, if it is, if it is! I shall die of it—I shall curse her—"

Yes—a telegram! She tore it open.

"What is it?" he asked hoarsely.

She read aloud:

"If you have received letter and can act upon it, there must be no delay. Start at once.—DALLOWAY, Physician. F. MORRIS, Solicitor."

"Geoffrey, you are going! Don't you understand? You must go through a form of marriage with her. Afterwards we can be married again publicly. Nobody will ever know. We must have the money. It is Fate itself sends it. You are going? You are going!" She shook his sleeve.

He turned on her roughly. "Are you asking me if I am going? She sends for me. Oh, yes, I'm going—"

Alicia stood motionless where he left her, listening tensely. The agitation of this unexpected, terrific crisis still held her strongly; her breath came hard. Would he go? She heard his light movement overhead. He descended and passed into the street.

Rushing to the window, she caught one glimpse of the handsome face, set as she had never seen it; then she dropped upon the couch and half laughed, half screamed hysterically.

"He has even forgotten to say good-bye," she cried aloud. "He has forgotten I exist! Will he do it? Oh, if I could be quite, quite sure! If he were only not the poor fool of honour that he is. The chance of it, the unheard-of, incredible chance!"

CHAPTER TWO.

A Race with Death.

The sunless light of a bleak March evening was filling the great bedchamber, with its two fair casements opening upon the west. But through them shone no glory of sunset.

The sunless sky loomed grey over the wide grey prospect

of bushes, shrubs, and trees, scarcely touched as yet with green.

The French bed, with its lace hangings thrown back, had been drawn into the full light of the departing day.

On one side stood Dr. Dalloway, his hand lightly on the wrist of the girl who lay there, like Elaine, like the Lady of Shalott, stainless and fair as any lily maid who has ever lain upon a bed of death for love.

Opposite the doctor sat Geoffrey Berris, his eyes never leaving the wonderful, silent face.

At the end of the bed an elderly gentleman stood, with pursed-up lips and occasional sad shakings of the head, or moved now and again on tiptoes to a table by the wide hearth, near which sat a woman in blue linen, with white cap and apron, weeping silently.

"Is she dead?" asked Berris hoarsely, and he lifted his eyes, fierce with pain.

"No."

"Bring her back, doctor. Let her know I've come—that I came the instant I knew. Let her know that—"

There was no disbelieving in the man's agony, yet the doctor kept his eyes on him coldly and searchingly; then he looked back to the face on the pillow. A pink hue, delicate as an apple blossom, still tinted the cheeks and lips; the thick, black lashes were exquisitely laid, and the hair, mixed brown and gold, gathered into a pearl net. The beauty of the form and the virginity of the face, that seemed to reflect some inward, unspeakable vision, made the girl lie there, not as one who dies, but like the enchanted princess who waits for the kiss to awaken her into Heaven this side of her grave.

"Speak to her again," Dalloway said to Berris. "It is the shock of your arrival. I let her hear you below. The news had to be broken to her. You see, your step even was more than she could bear. But she is not dead. Speak to her."

"Leila!" Gently at first, as one might whisper to a sleeping child, and then the stab of his agony grew too acute to bear. Perhaps she would never know he came. They kissed and they parted. That was Geoffrey Berris's love story, parted for a crotchety old man's nonsensical interference; they kissed and parted. And now that he saw her again, Geoffrey knew that when the world no longer held her face he might as well die out of it himself—might, and would.

"Leila!" His voice grew stronger; he alighted one arm under the slim body and lifted her against his breast. "Oh, my little girl, speak to me! I love you—kiss me, kiss me! Oh, my sweet child. Don't go. I'm here—Geoffrey. Don't you remember—under the lilac trees. Leila, do you hear—look at me, kiss me!"

A sob was wrung from him—another and another. The men hearing it winced. Berris's face went down upon the still face against his shoulder. The woman by the fire rose anxiously.

"Is it wise, sir?" she said to the doctor.

"Leave them alone, Mrs. Braithwaite. She is coming back." The woman returned, still uneasily, to her seat, and the doctor joined Mr. Morthe, the little, bald-headed solicitor, in the embrasure of one of the beautiful deep-silled windows.

Mr. Morthe glanced at him sharply. Horace Dalloway was at all times rather a strange-looking fellow, with those light eyes of his set in a swarthy skin, and his hair striped grey and black like a badger, and this evening it struck Morthe that he looked rather stranger than usual.

The girl still rested in Berris's convulsive hold. Her hair, escaping from the little net, tumbled about his arm. He raised his head to kiss her lips, to call on her again, to gasp out that he loved her, that she must come back.

"And she will come back," whispered the doctor. "She will return with life enough to know him."

"Life enough to marry him?" asked Morthe.

"She may last out to-morrow at the most. He must lose no time," was the answer.

Morthe fidgetted, rubbing his hands. "There is valuable time being lost now. Marriage with someone eligible is a very desirable thing, whether she lives or dies. It's horrid to think of the money going to charity."

Berris suddenly spoke to them.

"She has opened her eyes," he said in a strained voice.

"Ah!" And the doctor hurried to the bed. Berris slowly laid her down. Such eyes, eyes fitted to see "at once the heavens and her lover's face," limp as dawn, and blue as a summer sea, had unclosed and gazed on him.

She smiled from these blue eyes only; the sweet mouth still lay in gravity.

"Leave her to me a moment," said Dalloway. "Mrs. Braithwaite!"

Berris rose dizzily, and Morthe came forward with a kindly touch and led him to the window.

A moment or two later Dalloway laid a hand on his shoulder.

"She wants to speak to you. I will give you exactly ten minutes. When you hear me tap, please come out, first summoning Mrs. Braithwaite, who will be in the adjoining room. Morthe, we'll step outside."

Her eyelids fell abashed as he sank into the chair beside her pillow. He could not believe that she must die.

"It's really you!" she murmured.

His answer was inarticulate.

"How big you look!" she said, smiling.

"Leila, can you forgive me?"

"For what?"

"For ever leaving you."

"It wasn't your fault. I was stupid. I pretended I didn't care—"

"Surely she couldn't be going to die to-night, to-morrow, when she could speak, look, smile like this to-day!"

"Oh, my darling," he said, "so did I."

"You did care, really? Why didn't you come back?"

"I didn't think that you—wanted me. And, my little girl, my own little girl, I didn't know how I cared for you till it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"Too late?" The blue eyes searched his face. "Till you were Sir William's heirress—I could not come near you then," he answered, and the blood beat in his ears. The room went black; the lie of it choked and blinded him.

She sighed. "How foolish it all was. I loved you and let you go. You loved me and stayed away; but you have come to me now! Geoffrey, for your own sake and for the money that should be yours, will you marry me? You know, I only mean—I wrote to you. I can't possibly live. Will you give me the name of your wife to be buried in?"

He made no answer. He laid his head upon the pillow close to hers; her arm went round his neck; she turned a little and kissed his cheek.

"You are so brown—my beautiful Geoffrey! You see, I can say what I like—now. Do you remember the lilac trees? But we mustn't talk about that now. Geoffrey, you wouldn't have come, dear, if you hadn't understood, would you?" Her fingers touched the locks loose about his forehead; she nestled her face to his. "Oh, to have you really here—how I have longed to kiss you, to touch you once again."

He lifted his head to gaze on her. "You're not going to die, Leila."

"Oh, but I am," she answered, with a charming, wilful smile. "I must, you know, after bringing you here like this. Seriously, Geoffrey, darling, I can't live; I feel it. I know my heart is running down, but I'm glad it's like this." She smiled sadly, bewitchingly. "Do I look the same? Do you like my—hair? I am afraid I look like— Oh, Geoffrey!" The blue eyes deepened, the tender lightness changed. She took his face between her hands. "I love you beyond words, Geoffrey," she said. "I have been clasping the empty air till it—it was—death that came in mercy. I am almost glad I was never your wife. I might have had to die, in any case, and I could not have left you then—now—"

She paused, then gazed upon him earnestly. "There is no reason why you should not marry me, Geoffrey, that the money may be yours, is there?"

He could not tell her; he could not speak; the words were not there to come.

"Kiss me," she murmured. "Do you think me very bold? You did love me, Jeff?"

He took her hand and held it to his heart, and as she felt it leaping she smiled divinely with the sweet daring of her knowledge that to-morrow, to-night perhaps, she would not be there to comfort him. She turned to him all her young, wasted beauty, and put up her arms with passion. "Geoffrey!"

He lifted her and let her rest on his head, his lips on hers. He thought only of her, of the anguish of it, the joy of it, that this was love, and in his hold—too late.

"To die—your wife!" There was passion and despair in the tone and in the clinging hands; then the sad look stole into the lovely eyes.

"Say so," she whispered.

Oh, Jeff, darling Jeff— And while murmuring in sweet content she seemed to fall asleep peacefully.

The sight of Berris's face kept Morthe and Dalloway a few moments silent.

The three had gathered in a down-stair room, where a meal had been prepared that not any of them touched.

"It was a strange thing we should have come across your whereabouts as we did, Mr. Berris," said the doctor softly. "Strange and fortunate. You have been abroad lately. Yes? You have been abroad?"

"Yes," Berris sat at the table, his head on his hands.

"Miss Merriam has made quite clear to you her desire?"

"Yes."

"Sir William must, I fancy, have had some much notion of the money coming back into your hands by marriage, Mr. Berris," interposed the solicitor gently. "No arrangement could be better. Only I am afraid no time must be lost."

He paused, thrown out by Geoffrey's unheeding attitude, and motioned to the doctor, who approached the man's bowed figure and laid a hand lightly on his shoulder.

"This has been a very great shock to you," he said; "but grief must wait if the girl upstairs is to die happy."

Mr. Berris. You are willing to carry out her wishes? You are ready to marry her?"

"She knows," said Berris hoarsely, and suddenly he looked up and fixed Dalloway's gaze with his own, blood-shot and dull with misery.

"She is dying!"

"Unquestionably." Sir Anthony Fargett was here this morning and two other specialists. It was on their advice coinciding with my own opinion I sent for you. She may last a day or two."

"And, alas! there is no time to spare," put in the solicitor, Morthe. "She bade us get everything in readiness for the marriage ceremony to-morrow, Mr. Berris, you providing yourself with the necessary bishop's licence."

Berris glanced towards him, the family solicitor, whose only desire was to propitiate his new employer and keep the Markwell estates on his books, then back at Dalloway. His lips unclosed to speak, but no sound came.

"I am sorry for you," said the doctor; "but you will have the supreme consolation of not having come too late. She will die so happy that it will be bliss itself compared to what might have been if you had not come."

The man is at the door to drive you to the station, Mr. Berris. He will meet the three down train to-morrow. I do not think you can come sooner. You will return prepared—if it is not too late."

"Yes," said Berris. "I shall be there."

"He seems most frightfully cut up," said Morthe as he and Dalloway turned into the house again from the porch.

"Still, no wonder; she is a rare creature. A thousand pities that Sir William should have parted them."

"Since we have found him, and she will die comforted, the rest must go," said Dalloway. "You, at any rate, will not see a fine estate slip through your hands, Mr. Morthe. Now I am going to rest for half an hour."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

"You tell it was too late."

CHAPTER THREE.

A Strange Marriage—and After.

"You have brought the license?" asked Mr. Morthe. Berris moved his head and produced it from his pocket, and with it, in its silver paper, a ring, over which his fingers closed.

"We have everything in readiness for the ceremony upstairs," said the solicitor. "Will you come?"

"She—" Berris looked at him dumbly.

"She is very, very weak," was the grave answer. "The doctor will not leave her. Nerve yourself, Mr. Berris."

He laid his hand kindly on the young man's arm. "Violent emotion now might be fatal."

Nerve himself! Berris had strung his nerves up to feel nothing. That could come afterwards. He had not slept; he had not been home; the thought was anathema, and he put it far from him. The solicitor glanced askance at him, somewhat amazed, even a trifle awed at his aspect.

For great love and great grief are equally rare.

They went upstairs, and the door was opened softly on the strange and sad bridal scene.

To-day the sun was shining, not brightly, but from behind a mist, in a sheen of palest gold, flimsy, like a veil to wrap about the bride, so fancy might have thought.

She lay facing the wide, bright casements.

"Don't have me all white," she had whispered with her adorable, wan smile. "I shall look as if I am dead already, and, poor Jeff, it is bad enough for him as it is."

But the soft blue laid across her could not help it much. As Geoffrey's eyes met hers he had no doubt that Leila was dying.

A little group made way for him—Horace Dalloway, very pale, his eyes averted; Mrs. Braithwaite, worn and tear-stained; the gravely composed clergyman, his wife, the nurse.

Geoffrey saw none of them. For him the room was empty; he stood alone with this girl in a place of utter woe and loss.

She put out her hand. "Jeff! This is too bad; such an ordeal for you, sweetheart, sweetheart." The word left her lips ineffably. She drew him down a little. "I have only to sign my name—your name—when this is—over."

"You don't imagine I'm thinking of the money, Leila?"

"No; but you will have to think of it, Jeff. It will be yours. You have come to marry me? They said—"

"Leila—yes—yes."

"Are you ready?" said Dalloway. "She is very weak."

The clergyman stepped forward, and, with reverent mien, began: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God—"

The sight of God! If only God alone could be his witness.

The ring slipped upon her finger; the words were said, the vows taken, the thing done; and then Geoffrey knew that the nurse, with tender voice and hands, and weeping, laid a fainting form upon his arms.

"Your wife," she said. "You must say 'good-bye.'"

He saw the blue eyes for a moment, Leila's loved, dear, blue eyes, and the parted lips, and in them both the dumb, piteous, and passionate frantic fight to speak to him, to stay with him an instant; then the lids fell, and, with the cry wrung out of his soul, the man's own spirit seemed to break from him to follow the spirit that he thought was gone!

A few hours later the stillness of the country and of night brooded peacefully over the house. A young moon was dropping through pearly clouds to its setting beyond the dark expanse, and a soft wind stirred the sleeping spring. There was life abroad, moving. And within the dwelling stillness, profound as it was, seemed also the stillness of life, not the echoless hush of death.

Coming softly down from the upper floor Dr. Dalloway entered the downstairs room where he dined, and sat in his few moments of repose.

Berris was there in the fire-lit dark, stretched along a couch, faced downwards. He looked up at the doctor's entrance, raised himself to a sitting posture, and questioned dumbly.

"She is asleep," said Dalloway with a note of triumph in his voice, "naturally and peacefully asleep." He set his candle down upon the centre table. In the soft radiance of it his face showed pallor and deadly fatigue, but his eyes danced.

"You are worn out," said Berris in a lifeless voice. He rose. "I am going back upstairs. Cannot you rest now?"

"Yes; I can. And do not go near her—your wife's—room now, Mr. Berris. This sleep is restoration. If she sleeps and wakes again, she will live."

"Live!" Berris stood rooted to his place.

"Yes; the miraculous has happened. Your coming. I think we can hope now. Her pulse is stronger. She may live."

Berris stared at him across the candle flame, and Dalloway saw the great beads of moisture start under his eyes and round his brows.

"Live?" he almost shrieked. "You think she will live?"

"(Another long instalment next week.)"

If you like this serial, you will thoroughly enjoy reading

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by CLAUDE and ALICE ASKEW,

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A GRUESOME BUSINESS.

A MURDER has naturally a very considerable effect upon the value of a house or shop in which such an act has been perpetrated. Thousands of people thoroughly practical in most regards shrink from using rooms where murder has been committed, or which have been the scene of a tragedy.

An ingenious London speculator has made a specialty of buying up the premises, generally for an old song almost, as the phrase is, afterward transforming the buildings and taking all risks.

By the aid of a clever architect and his own staff of men, the speculator at once transforms the house or shop so completely that it virtually becomes a new property, and local authorities are for the most part thoroughly complaisant in aiding even the renumbering of such a house, and otherwise hiding its identity, where the thing is at all feasible.

The identical room in which the crime has been perpetrated is always altered absolutely to become unrecognisable.

This man has derived not a little profit by selling the woodwork, the floor boards, and so on, taken from crime rooms, these being acquired by showmen generally.

"Mr. Grouch went to a masquerade the other evening disguised as a bear."

"Did anyone recognise him?"

"Only his wife."

"I HATE grammar awful!" remarked a young fellow to whom something had been said regarding that study.

"Do you?" replied an elderly gentleman. "No doubt you will like it better when you become acquainted with it."

NAGGIN: "But why don't you argue the matter out with your wife?"

Meekton: "Huh! my wife has very positive ideas on that subject. The moment I opened my mouth my wife would put her foot down, and—"

Naggin: "The idea! I should think you'd choke to death."

TEACHER: "Can a leopard change his spots?"

Freddie: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "Now, that's wrong. You know that a leopard cannot change his spots."

Freddie: "Oh! but he can. When he's tired sitting on one spot he can change to another, can't he?"

SWALLOWING EXTRAORDINARY.

A LITTLE snake was recently presented to the Paris Museum of Natural History whose capabilities in the way of swallowing are the wonder of all observers.

This snake is only about the thickness of a man's finger, and was caught in the act of swallowing a duck's egg. The question is, how does it manage to get down its throat such a thing as a duck's egg, not only so much larger than itself, but hard and perfectly smooth?

A probable supposition is that a couple of membranous folds which have been discovered, one on each side of the mouth, lay hold upon the shell like cupping glasses and thus work it into the throat. But after the egg has passed through the distended jaws it would seem as if its bulk and solidity when lodged in a comparatively inelastic portion of the digestive tube, whose juices were unable to dissolve the shell, would prove fatal to the animal.

This snake has no teeth, but so-called gular teeth are present, being really the tips of the long inferior spines of the first eight or nine vertebrae protruding through its food passage. When the shell is broken by the gular teeth it is ejected, and the fluid passes into the stomach.

THAT ALL-GONE FEELING

WORSE THAN PAIN, THAT COMES
FROM INDIGESTION,

GIVES WAY BEFORE

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Mr. George Gittins, of 27 Ondine Road, East Dulwich, S.E., writing on April 18, 1905, said:—"For many years I suffered from indigestion, was always in pain—more or less, and food, even simple food, aggravated my suffering. The pain was chiefly in the stomach, but often in the back, between my shoulders. I lost my appetite, and at times the mere smell of food made me feel sick. Then there was a wretched sinking, all-gone feeling, which was worse than actual pain. It seemed to take all life and energy out of me; I lost flesh and became very weak. I took many medicines and had doctors, but without lasting benefit. Finally I took Mother Seigel's Syrup, and when I had finished one bottle I felt distinctly better. I persevered, then, with the Syrup and soon the pains left me, I regained my appetite and strength, and in a few weeks was quite well."

"The remedy that Mr. Gittins used is low priced, sure and speedy in action. You can get it at any Chemist's Shop. Don't take 'something else just as good' if offered to you."

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YOUTH IS STRENGTH

If you feel young, you are young. If you have strength you can defy your years! But if you have pains in your back, if you are always tired, nervous and weak, your health is breaking down—you want new life—you are growing old too soon. Electricity is the element that is lacking. Restore this and the healthy balance is renewed. Every sign of weakness is an evidence of the lack of electrical energy. It is to those people who require this force that our message is sent. If you feel ill and weak, be rid of your pains. Awake in the morning refreshed and full of energy—have bright eyes and a healthy colour—feel and know that you are healthy and strong.

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

To Pickle Tarragon. Strip the tarragon from the stalks, put it in a pot with white wine and vinegar in equal quantities, stop it up closely and keep for use.

For a Dish of Braised Beef select a cut off the silver-side, and see that it turns the scale at five pounds, salt it for a couple of days before cooking.

Cheese Custard. Beat up two eggs in a pint of milk, add a little salt and two tablespoonful of grated cheese. Mix all well, pour into a greased dish and bake till just set. Serve at once with water biscuits.

Aerated Coffee is a good beverage for hot days. Make a cupful of good strong coffee, add a bottle of seltzer water to it, sweeten to taste, and serve. If you have it, a few lumps of ice will be an improvement.

A Young Rabbit, if well stuffed, roasted, and served with good brown gravy, will be found almost equal to a young hare. The rabbit should be skewered together so as to be served sitting, and the ears should be left on.

Semolina Mould. Into one and a half pints of milk when boiling, shake a teaspoonful of semolina, and continue to stir over the fire for ten minutes. Sweeten and flavour to taste, take off the fire, and add a beaten egg or two. Pour into a buttered mould, and serve cold with stewed fruit.

Make Imitation Limejuice thus: Citric acid, one and a quarter ounces; carbonate of potassa, forty-five grains, white sugar, two and a half ounces; cold water, one pint. Dissolve. Add sixteen drops of oil of lemon, and in twenty-four hours strain it through a hair sieve, bottle, and it will be ready for use.

Devonshire Puffs. Peel and bake some apples, when cold mix the pulp, free from cores, with enough sugar to sweeten, and a little lemon peel. Make some nice short crust, lay the apples on a square of paste and fold it so as to form a three-cornered puff. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Sift white sugar over and serve.

Raised Doughnuts. Scald one quart of sweet milk and add to it two ounces of butter and a cupful of sugar. Stir till all is dissolved. Set away until cool, then add three-quarters of a teaspoonful of yeast, a good flavouring of cinnamon, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Knead all together thoroughly and put in a warm place to rise. When light, roll the dough into suitable pieces and set to rise again. Have ready a pan of good boiling fat and fry the nuts in it. Sift powdered sugar over before serving. (Reply to DELPHINA.)

Tomato Cheese is a very good preserve and keeps well if put in jars while hot and covered at once with paper brushed over with white of egg. Scald five pounds of ripe tomatoes, remove all the skins, and place in a china lined preserving-pan with one pound of cored and quartered apples. Stand over a moderate fire to simmer gently for about an hour, stirring sufficiently to prevent its sticking to the pan. Add two pounds and a half of best preserving sugar, a small teaspoonful of powdered ginger, and the juice of a lemon. Boil slowly while stirring till the preserve is reduced to the consistency of marmalade, then place in pots. (Reply to WELSH-WOMAN.)

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

For Polishing Mirrors. Keep all pieces of tissue paper, no matter how crinkled, to polish mirrors and windows.

When Boiling a Ham. To prevent dryness a ham should be left in the water in which it is boiled until perfectly cold.

Stoves and Ranges should be kept free from soot in all compartments. A dirty clogged hot air passage will prevent any oven from baking well, or the water from heating.

Clocks should be wound regularly and never allowed to run down; such neglect injures the works. When making a clock the correct time, never put back the hands, for it greatly weakens the works.

To Set Milk or Cream. The milk should be poured directly after it is milked, for, if allowed to cool first, or be agitated by being carried to a distance, it does not throw up so much cream.

The Most Useful Gargle for sore throats is water just as hot as one can use it. This cleanses the throat besides stimulating it.

To Clean Asbestos in Stoves that has become blackened, scatter salt over it and allow the gas to burn for half-an-hour.

Reddish Bars to a Grate are unsightly and should be treated as follows: Paint all the brownish or red parts with lemon juice, let dry and then blacklead in the usual way.

Feather Beds should be placed in the shade to air, and be well beaten during summer days, but they should never be set in the sun, as it draws out the oil and gives the beds an unpleasant smell.

Fast Boiling Hardens Meat, even the most tender, and the reason is this: Excessive heat causes the albumen in the meat to become solid, so solid, indeed, that the heat cannot penetrate to the interior.

Before Opening Bottled Ale or Stout stand the bottle in cold water; this will prevent it from overflowing when uncorked and will greatly improve the flavour. (Thanks to F. HARRISON.)

Brightly Painted Toys should be avoided when choosing presents for small children, for one hears of cases of poisoning from paint, and nothing is more likely to cause this than continually sucking a new and highly-cherished toy.

A Broom, when not in use, should always be placed in a holder to fit it. Those who wish to make one should place two large saws into the wall about two inches apart. Drop the broom between these, handle downwards, and it will wear a very long while.

To Clean a Black Dress. Boil a handful of fig leaves in a quart of water till reduced to a pint. Spread the material on a clean cloth on a deal table and with a brush dipped in the above solution rub the spots and stains. (Reply to TARMANIAN.)

When Stuffing Chairs or Sofas mix powdered bitter apple freely with the stuffing, for it is so potent that no moth can live near it. Bitter apple is a strong poison, so when using it wear an old pair of gloves. (Reply to CORNISHWOMAN.)

Protection Against Moth. Printer's ink is proof against moths, hence the utility of newspapers in protecting woollen goods from their ravages. I always wrap my blankets in newspaper when storing for the summer, or when leaving the house empty. (Reply to X. N.)

When Preserving Fruit you must use an enamel saucepan if you have no proper preserving pan. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Rinse out the pan with cold water before putting in the fruit and sugar. Stir continuously till the jam has boiled sufficiently. (Reply to GLEESON.)

A Window-Pane Barometer such as you have seen can be made thus: Paint the glass with the following solution. Ten parts of gelatine, one part of chloride of copper, and hundred parts of water. This will be colourless in damp weather, but in clear bright weather will have a curious yellow colour. (Reply to DEVON.)

To Destroy Ants. You may rid your house of this pest with a little care. Wash the woodwork near their haunts with water in which a little turpentine is mixed. Dust snuff into any crevices from whence they appear. Grease plates with lard and set them where the insects abound. They prefer lard to anything and will forsake sugar for it. Place a few sticks round the plates for the ants to climb up on. Turn the plates bottom upwards over the fire and the ants will fall in with the melting lard. Reset the plates and in a short time the plague will have disappeared. (Reply to E. E. G.)

WHAT IS YOUR LAUGHING VOWEL?

A FRIEND of the Editress, who has made a study of smiles and laughter, says that the vowels used in laughter are indicative of character.

The person who laughs on the vowel "o" is generous, the one who laughs on "i" is frivolous, the one who laughs on the broad sound of "a" is sincere, the one who laughs on "e" is a giggler, the one who laughs on "u" is a cynic. Sarcastic smiles turn the lips downward; good-humoured smiles turn them upward.

In hearty amusement the lips open perceptibly, the teeth show, the mouth gapes slightly. There is animation all over the face. The coquette shows her teeth when she smiles. Her lips assume whatever position she has found to be most becoming to her face, and so bespeak the greatest allurements.

PIN-PRICKS.

WHEN things go wrong with you in the home, when you feel ready to sit down and "have a good cry," because perhaps the temperature of the oven has been too great, and your cakes, that should have come out brown and crisp and toothsome, look like burnt cinders, resist the temptation to give way to your feelings.

The enemy has come in on you like a flood, it is true; but are you going to allow an accident that will be completely forgotten to-morrow to make you miserable to-day, even for an hour? It is by calmly meeting these small vexations that we are strengthened to overcome in the more serious battles of life.

THE ONLY CHILD NOT THE BEST WIFE.

DOES an only daughter love more ardently than one in a large family? Some say that a girl with many brothers makes a perfect sweetheart, because all her life she has been ministering to their wants; while there are people who say that her affection for her brothers is apt to dwarf her devotion for a fiancé.

It is believed that there are more broken engagements between only daughters and their lovers than in any other cases—a circumstance due to the pampering usually bestowed on an only child. Therefore, the best wife is chosen from a good-sized family, and the favourite is the youngest daughter.

The girl with sisters suffers from one disadvantage. Not infrequently a man will make love to them all in turn and then vanish. The only child has no rival in a sister.

ARE YOU TOO OLD TO BE LOVED?

A GREAT philosopher has said that marriage is best for a woman, even without love, for the matrimonial instinct is so strong in her nature that, even though she be without a husband's adoration, she will find more happiness than in the single life.

In theory this is perhaps true, but experience is not in favour of it. The woman that marries a man who professes to love her without being loved in return finds her experiment a failure. She is tied to this man for life, her own heart is heavy with disappointment, and his sorrows are added to hers. Single, she might in time have found love, for while there's life there's hope; married, she is handicapped unless death sets her free. When this happens her ideals are already shattered, and she readily asserts that she would "never marry again—not the best man in the world."

The most absurd conclusion for a woman to come to is that of believing that she is too old to be loved. She is never too old while she has charm, and charm is kept by taking life easily and patiently. Worry and dissatisfaction will sometimes mar the pleasant features of a man, but they kill a woman's charm completely.

THE WOMAN WHO WORRIES.

I BELIEVE the great reason why there are no Mozarts, Raphaels, Michael Angelos, Shakespeares, or Dantes amongst women is because the nervous energy which men use up in doing work, women fritter away in futile worry. Here is a point worth consideration of all lady readers: Worry has a most disastrous effect upon the complexion, making the skin dry, yellow, strained, and wrinkled. Worry turns the hair grey, dims the lustre of the brightest eyes, sets up the most acute forms of dyspepsia, and generally plays havoc with any beauty which a person may possess. Now is it fair to yourself and those around you? You should read the very interesting article entitled "Fretting Over Trifles," given in this week's issue of that invaluable little paper, HOME NOTES, price one penny, published on Friday.

Sober

IF YOU WANT APARTMENTS FOR YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

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HOLIDAYS FOR 1905.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.
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Whitsun Monday . . . June 12.	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 8 15 22 29
Bank Holiday . . . August 7.	T 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	F 12 19 26	F 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27
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PEARSON'S 64. NOVELS FOR HOLIDAY READING.

CLEG KELLY, Arab of the City. By S. R. CROCKETT.

NOTE—This is the first long story by S. R. Crockett which has been issued at Sixpence. "If ever there was an ideal character in fiction it is this heroic ragamuffin."—DAILY CHRONICLE. At all Railway Bookstalls, Bookellers, and Newsagents.

ROWNTREE'S ELECT **COCOA**
MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.



You will be interested to hear that the Editor of SMITH'S WEEKLY has now concluded arrangements

by which each copy of that little paper becomes a railway insurance policy for £100. The insurance covers every sort of fatal railway accident, and everyone is eligible except railway servants actually on duty and suicides. There is no coupon to cut out or to sign—all that is necessary is to prove that the deceased was actually in possession of a copy of the current number. It has always been my opinion that no one should neglect to avail himself of the railway insurance advantages offered by a weekly paper, and I cannot therefore do better than strongly recommend my readers to get a copy of SMITH'S WEEKLY, which is on sale to-day.

REGULAR READER makes the following suggestion in relation to the series, "My first guinea, and what I did with it": "Why not publish a few reminiscences of persons occupying a lower social position?"

Good idea! I will give a guinea for the best statement sent in on the subject, "How I spent my first earnings." Contributions must be limited to fifty words, and written on post-cards. They must be addressed to "First Earnings Editor," and reach here not later than Monday, August 14th.

H. W. W. sends me an interesting letter in reference to my reply to "Coincrank" (July 27th) upon the abbreviation Britt. of the word Britannium upon coins. He sends me the copy of a letter from the Master of the Mint upon this subject. The following is an extract: "Britt. is an abbreviation for the Latin plural Britannum (of the Britains), and the final 't' is doubled in accordance with the rule that the final consonant should be doubled to indicate the plural in abbreviated words. Other instances occur, as in MSS. for manuscripts, MM. for Messieurs, and LL.D. for Doctor of Laws."

W. A. B. is puzzled as to why he should take a dislike to some persons even before he has spoken to them. He instances two cases where his prejudice was justified by the eventual discovery that both of the people he had conceived a dislike for turned out to be dishonest. W. A. B. is not alone in possessing this power. It is what phrenologists call "intuition," and is a very valuable quality to its possessor. But the owner has to be very careful not to let it warp his judgment or lead him into hasty and unjust conclusions. That he may feel a prejudice against certain people may make it a wise act for him to avoid them, but it doesn't follow that all such people are "dishonest," or, in fact, that there is anything against them. It may mean that "Mother Nature" knows best what company is good for us, and has the power in some cases of giving us a pretty strong hint.

CRESTFALLEN is in a very troubled state of mind. "Riding on a bus with a friend the other day," he writes, "I ventured to tell a story I had heard about a gentleman I knew by sight. He is a decent kind of man; but this story was not a nice one, and I don't even know if it were true. I confess I only told it in a jocular way and not maliciously. Judge of my horror when I discovered that the gentleman himself was riding behind me! He had evidently heard every word I had said, and got off the bus angrily before I had recovered from my confusion. I ought to say no name was mentioned, though both of my listeners knew whom I meant. What ought I to do?" We think CRESTFALLEN has only one course before him. He ought to call on the gentleman and tender his sincere apologies. The fact that he knows he is a "decent kind of a man" would probably insure the apologies being favourably received, and at all events CRESTFALLEN will have done his best to remove the pain he has caused.

P. F. tells me that he was much amused and a little mystified by the expressions used by a very old lady whom he visited the other day; she is ninety. This venerable dame stated, among other things, that the great-grandson looked "as fine as fipence" in his new suit. "I didn't like to appear ignorant in her eyes," he writes, "so I would not ask what 'fipence' was; but I have no hesitation in coming to the erudite Editor of P.W. for enlightenment."

I feel much gratified! "Fipence" is the way in which our dear grandmothers, and our grandfathers, too, I imagine, were wont to pronounce what we call fiverpence. I expect they first shortened it to fipence, much as we say fifty instead of fifty, and then it degenerated to fipence. Why 5d. should be a standard of elegance I do not know; I am just as much in the dark about 9d. being the same of perfection, but it seems to be the correct thing to be "as right as 9d." Did you ever hear of "semperence"? Yet that is the way some people still say 7d. The letter n is often turned into m before a p or a b, which accounts for part of the transformation. You often hear people say "im between."

J. P. was reminded by an illustrated par. in which a wisp of straw hanging from a bridge was shown to be a sign the bridge was under repair, of another use for straw as a sign. When dangerous cattle are shown at a fair, wisps of straw are bound round their horns. The custom is an old one, and seems to date back to the Romans.

TYKE—I do not believe in the practice of giving odd coppers to beggars in the street. In the first place, what the law will not allow—that is begging—you ought not to encourage. In the second, the more you give the more you encourage laziness. It is seldom possible to discover the really deserving from the undeserving. Far better put the pennies in your own children's money-box, as you suggest.

TEETO writes me that he is a total abstainer, but last week, having cause to go round by some wharves where they were unloading hops, the smell of them was so nice and fresh that he felt he would have succumbed unless he had drink of some sort. He asks if this is a proof that he would become an habitual drunkard if he started drinking. I hardly like to say that it is proof of any such thing. But TEETO would be well advised to keep to his total abstinence principles. Doctors are getting more and more to regard alcohol as a poison and unnecessary, and it is possible that excessive thirst provoked by the smell of hops is a dangerous sign. At the same time I would advise TEETO to guard against that hurtful theory that he is one of the unfortunate people who would have to keep on drinking if he once started. Such a teaching might be useful in keeping him from drinking, in the first place, but it would be a disastrous doctrine should he by any chance "break his pledge."

E. L. S. thinks he can explain the discrepancies in evidence which are so often the cause of perplexity to magistrates. A witness, for instance, will declare that the accused uttered certain threats or epithets; the accused himself will deny it on oath. The natural inference is that one party, most probably the accused, is saying what he knows to be untrue. That is where E. L. S. comes in and sets us right. The accused is speaking the truth according to his knowledge, but the trouble is that he does not know what he has said. There are thousands and thousands of people who, when they are excited or angry, say lots of things without being conscious of what they are saying, and when, later on, they are charged with saying those things they deny the accusation in all sincerity. This explanation is ingenious, and it has some foundation. I knew one person who was actually like that. It was commonly supposed that he was a h'm-prevaricator, but it was ultimately decided that he was one of those mentioned by my correspondent. There is another side of the question. One's ears and eyes may deceive, and one may in some mysterious way mis-hear what has been said, just as one may not see what one thinks has appeared before the eyes! In a remarkable instance in the House of Commons some few years ago, two members, both absolutely beyond reproach, gave opposing versions of a scene in the House which both had witnessed!

C. B. A. writes me that he recently had the pleasure of helping at an F. A. F. outing. He tells an interesting incident. A little girl lost her purse containing (a big sum for her) 24d. As soon as this was known there was a collection made among the children, and fivepence was made up in a h'pence. When it is remembered that some of the givers passed over 25 or 50 per cent. of their spending money, it shows how kind these children are to each other. A ha'penny from an alum child is more than ninepence from you. Think of it, generous reader, and send on that remittance.

JOCK and FRANCES, two little children, send 1s. 6d. each to the F.A.F. to pay for four children's outing. Their mother, in her letter accompanying the gift, suggests that other children might like to follow the example. I heartily approve the suggestion. It is a good thing for well-off boys and girls to think about the poor alum children.

THE "special" outing days for the F.A.F. next week are: "H.M.S. Thetis Day," August 8th; "Backsheeh Day," August 9th; and "Grunewald Day," August 10th. These outings all take place at Greenwich Park.

AMOUNTS previously acknowledged, £1,523 16s. 0½d.

Anon. 15s.; Miss Gillbanks, 10s.; Well-wisher, 1s. 6d.; F. B. Cardiff, £1; Ety, 1s.; "In Memory of Rupert," 6s.; B. W. B., 1s. 6d.; D. F., 1s. 6d.; A. McL. Marshall, £10; M. J. Tuchmann, 3s.; Mrs. M. Wills, 1s. 6d.; A. B'ham Postman, 2s. 3d.; E. A. B. and N., 3s.; J. S. C., 2s.; L. G. B., 2s.; Mabel and May, 3s.; Anon., £15; Gramere, 5s.; Delighted, 2s. 7d.; Mrs. McKay, 6s.; Anon., 2s.; Don, 1s.; Harry B., Green, £2 2s.; A Lover of Children, 1s. 6d.; Ethel J. H. B., 2s.; E. K. G., 3s.; E. M. M., 2s.; James W. Murray, £1; 2s.; E. K. G., 3s.; E. M. M., 2s.; James W. Murray, £1; 2s.; Anon., 10s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Greaves, 10s. 2d.; A. H., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; E. and M., 2s.; A. K. Cole, 1s.; Edith Mary M. P., 1s.; Miss L. Cridlan, 6d.; Harry G. Walsford, 1s.; Elliott, 10s.; Miss L. Cridlan, 6d.; Eric and Norman, £1 15s.; Sir William Henry White, £2 2s.; Eric and Norman, £1 15s.; "Pet," 2s. 3d.; Miss Catherine Davies, £1; E. L. C., 1s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s. 6d.; E. Bell, 2s. 6d.; E. Ganagher, 7s. 6d.; "A Mite from the Seaside," 2s. 6d.; Mac, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; H. B. B., 10s.; "Dianose," 6d.; Anon., 3s.; Miss C. S. Layard, £1; L. Woollard, 5s.; Anon., 10s.; Cairnabale, 1s. 6d.; W. B., 1s.; A Peckham's Reader, 6d.; Harold, Bernice, and Dacre, 2s. 3d.; E. Millington, 3s.; "One Who Likes a Day's Outing Himself," 9d.; Banua, 5s.; F. T. Whitchurch, 1s. 7d.; W. Fulton, 1s.; M. N. Ayrshire, £5; Anon., Fulham, 2s. 6d.; T. S. E., £1; The Morns, Marlow, 10s.; Dorothy

Madeline Clarke, 1s. 6d.; "In Memory of our Old Ted," 2s. 9d.; Dudley Wrangel Clarke, 1s. 6d.; "Bobby," 5s.; M. V. S., 1s. 6d.; Sale of Foreign Stamps, 5s. 3d.; "One on Her Holiday," 9d.; Anon., 10s.; A Day for Two Kiddies, 1s. 6d.; Winnie, 2s. 6d.; Dorothy Armstrong, 2s. 3d.; Little Emily of Wimbledon, 3s.; I. Gibson (Lt. Col. R.A.M.C.), £2 2s.; D. B. T., 9d.; "For the Little Ones," 2s. 3d.; Miss Robertson, £1; Jim, 1s. 6d.; "Daisy," a Little Fox Terrier, 10s.; J. W. Grace, 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; B. A., 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Victor Ward, 4s. 8d.; T. M. Cundell, 10s.; Annie F. Tee and A. P. Hatelyen, 3s.; Miss Frankish, 4s.; L. D. Swift, £1; C. L. Bromhead, 1s. 6d.; Alex. Schindler, 10s.; "Sanita," 9d.; E. A., 2s. 6d.; "An Admirer of Mr. Notebook," 2s.; B. F. White, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Wright, 10s.; L. A. Webb, 1s. 6d.; E. Gaved, 4s. 6d.; "Scarborough," £1; Miss Thorne Turner, 7s. 6d.; A Lover of Fresh Air, 1s.; Anon., Sheringham, 1s.; L. Capp, 1s.; Florrie Whelan, 1s. 6d.; "Chester," 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Jenny Hodson, 5s.; J. J. H., 1s. 6d.; Sarah Binnie, South America, 5s.; Bevy of Exeter Girls, 5s.; "Wicklow Boy," 2s.; Miss Todman, £1; Phyllis and Marjorie, 2s. 3d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Francis and Jock, 2s.; Welcome, 2s.; "Villette," 5s.; Keiston, 10s.; Mrs. Greenwood, 2s.; M. A. O., 9d.; Anon., Chester, 10s.; Leonal, 2s.; "Blackrock Erin," 5s.; Polmaise, 5s.; O. D. P., Kendal, 15s. 6d.; "An Irish Girl," 1s. 6d.; Maud Sheldon, 5s.; A Few Wisbech Compa., 3s. 2d.; J. W. Taylor, £2; H. F. Fourny, 5s.; Eric, 9d.; Mrs. Durant, 5s.; Railway Clerk, 1s. 6d.; A. M. Alford, £1; A Widow's Mite, 3s.; G. T. H., 5s.; Anon., Dublin, 7s.; E. P., Manchester, 1s. 6d.; COLLECTED: Mary Marshall, 5s.; Mrs. Birley, 5s. 3d.; Mrs. H. Hamson, 5s.; Elsie Tunstall, 10s.; M. L., Croydon, 5s.; "Montana," 10s.; E.R.A.'s Mess. H.M.S. Donegal, per W. J. Woodland, £1; Phyllis, 9d.; Florence Gallop, 10s.; B. L. Bourke, £1 2s.; H. Birch, 10s.; Violet Hutton, 17s. 2d.; Miss A. "McPherson," 10s.; S. B., 12s. 6d.; W. C. Brumlen, 15s.; "A London Child," E. B., 2s.; Frank J. Carless, Natal, £2 9s. 6d.; A Few Friends, per A. Rudd, 5s.; G. J. Drury, 5s.; Miss Mabel Rhodes, 5s.; G. Atherton, £1; A Few R.E. Friends of the F.A.F. in Aden, per Sergt. F. Hardy, R.E., £1 13s.; Frances Jacob, 6s.; H. L. Chignell, 11s. 9d.; Master Charles Povey, 2s. 6d.; District Engineer's Office, per W. F. Woodbridge, 11s. 6d.; Friends on Tumbling Bay Island, Walton-on-Thames, per T. B. Johnson, £1 2s. 7d.; Single Men of the Camberwell Fire Station, per F. E. Critten, 2s. 6d.; Miss Keene, 6s. 6d.; F. G. Widdows, 11s.; Bridge Family, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Knight, 5s. 3d.; Men of H.M.S. Squirrel and Visitors, per Sam Atkins, £1; Whitcomb Wanderers C.C., per Mrs. E. Delpedge, £3; Officers of H.M.S. Venerable, per P. W. L. Caspers, E.N., £2; From the Little Sunday School, Double-bols, per Miss Northcott, 5s.; Elsie Willamotow, 8s. 1d.; Phyllis E. Hallam, £1 5s.; Mrs. Scott, 8s. 2d.; A. B. Gale, 6s.; Renney Battery, 5s.

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